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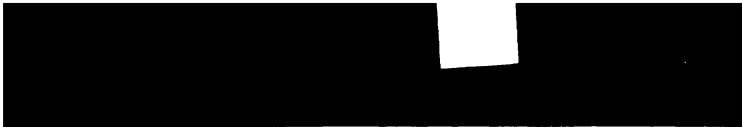
ANGEL OF THE LORD

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**PARADISE LOST.**



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THE LIFE  
OF  
JOHN MILTON.

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FROM a family and town of his name in Oxfordshire, our author derived his descent: but he was born at London, in the year 1608. His father, John Milton, by profession a scrivener, lived in a reputable manner on a competent estate, entirely his own acquisition, having been early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted.

Our author was the favourite of his father's hopes, who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expense of a domestic tutor, whose care and capacity his pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin elegy. At his initiation he is said to have applied himself to letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevailed upon to quit his studies before midnight; which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St. Paul's school, to complete his acquaintance with the classics, under the care of Dr. Gill; and, after a short stay there, was transplanted to Christ's College, in Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in all kinds of academical exercises. Of this society he continued a member till he commenced master of arts; and then, leaving the university, he returned to his father, who had quitted the town, and lived at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement, his mother died, and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination

he had long entertained of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time provost of Eton College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels. Having employed his curiosity about two years in France and Italy, on the news of a civil war breaking out in England, he returned, without taking a survey of Greece and Sicily, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. At Paris the lord viscount Scudamore, ambassador from king Charles I, at the court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius, who at that time was honoured with the same character there by Christiana, queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning, several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship and esteem.

Returning from his travels, he found England on the point of being involved in blood and confusion. He retired to lodgings provided for him in the city; which being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons, and some other young gentlemen, he undertook their education.

In this philosophical course he continued, without a wife till the year 1643, when he married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, of Forest-Hill in Oxfordshire, a gentleman of estate and reputation in that county, and of principles so very opposite to his son-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation which ensued, in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in London. Her desertion provoked him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine and discipline of divorce, and also to pay his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty; but, before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage treaty, in a visit at one of his relations, he found his wife prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him; and perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination, contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in *Paradise Lost*,\* in which Eve addresseth herself to Adam for pardon and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance, he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears:

—————soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight  
Now at his feet submissive in distress.

And after this reunion, so far was he from retaining any unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the king's cause was entirely suppressed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to so-

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\* Book x, page 171.

questration, Milton received both him and his family to protection, and free entertainment, in his own house, till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious faction.

A commission to constitute him adjutant general to sir William Waller was promised, but soon superceded, by Waller's being laid aside, when his masters thought it proper to new model their army. However, the keenness of his pen had so effectually recommended him to Cromwell's esteem, that, when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanced him to be Latin secretary, both to himself and the parliament; the former of these preferments he enjoyed both under the usurper and his son, the other until king Charles II was restored. For some time he had an apartment for his family at Whitehall: but his health requiring a freer accession of air, he was obliged to remove from thence to lodgings which opened into St. James' Park. Not long after his settlement there, his wife died in childbed; and much about the time of her death, a gutta serena, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguished his sight. In this melancholy condition, he was easily prevailed with to think of taking another wife, who was Catharine, the daughter of captain Woodcock, of Hackney; and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty-third sonnet he does honour to her memory.

Being a second time a widower, he employed his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a third consort, on whose recommendation he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Minshul, a Cheshire gentleman, by whom he had no issue. Three daughters, by his first wife, were then living; the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies; for having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their respective originals, whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother tongue.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view, in which he will be looked upon by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of about twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the *Mask of Comus*, *L' Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*, all in such an exquisite strain, that though he had left no other monuments of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal; but neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, could depress the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a design he had long conceived of writing an heroic poem.\* The fall of man was a subject that he had some years before fixed on for a tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of antiquity; and some, not without probability say, the play opened with that speech in the fourth book of *Para-*

\* *Paradise Lost*, Book IX, page 213

*disc Lost*, l. 32, which is addressed by satan to the sun. Were it material, I believe I could produce other passages, which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene: but whatever truth there may be in this report, it is certain, that he did not begin to mould his subject, in the form which it bears now, before he had concluded his controversy with Salmasius, and More, when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes, and was forced to employ, in the office of an amanuensis, any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet under all these discouragements, and various interruptions, in the year 1669, he published his *Paradise Lost*, the noblest poem (next to those of Homer and Virgil) that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest geniuses who have succeeded him, have ever esteemed it a merit, to relish and illustrate its beauties?

And now, perhaps, it may pass for a fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that Milton, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this divine poem licensed for the press, could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds: the payment of which valuable consideration depended upon the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About two years after, he published *Paradise Regained*; but *Oh, what a falling off was there!*—of which I will say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason than our author gave, in preferring this poem to *Paradise Lost*.

And thus having attended him to the sixty-sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our inquiry would allow, it now only remains to be recorded, that, in the year 1674, the gout put a period to his life, at Bunhill, near London; from whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles' church, by Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the chancel, and a neat monument has lately been erected to perpetuate his memory.

In his youth he is said to have been extremely handsome; the colour of his hair was a light brown, the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy. His stature, (as we find it measured by himself) did not exceed the middle size, neither too lean nor corpulent; his limbs well proportioned, nervous and active, serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted and wanted neither skill nor courage to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required. His judgment, when disengaged from religious and political speculations, was just and penetrating, his apprehension quick, his me-

more tenacious of what he read, his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. And having treasured up such immense store of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of sight : and his imagination, (naturally sublime and enlarged by reading romances, of which he was much enamoured in his youth,) when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the ideal world, when in composing his divine work he was tempted to range,

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere.

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults and misfortunes to be laid in the balance, with the fame and felicity of writing *Paradise Lost*, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.



8



## THE VERSE

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THE measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter, and lame metre; graced, indeed, since, by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hinderance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some, both Italian and Spanish poets, of prime note, have rejected rhyme, both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients, both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.





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**THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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THIS first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed,) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall, Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many Ancient Fathers. To find out the sense of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers then sit in council.



PARADISE LOST.

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BOOK I.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the sacred top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That Shepherd,\* who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth  
Rose out of chaos: or if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread.  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,  
Illumine; what is low raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument

---

\* "That Shepherd," Moses, who kept the flock of Jethro.

I may assert eternal providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel angels: by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory, above his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,  
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:  
At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild;  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible

Serv'd only to discover sights of wo,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd  
For those rebellious; here their pris'n ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,  
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous firr.  
He soon discerns; and welt'ring by his side  
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd  
Beelzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,  
And thence in heav'n called Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:  
If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou seest,  
From what height fall'n; so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change.  
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,

His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost  
 All is not lost : th' unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome ;  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ingnominy, and shame beneath  
 This downfal ; since, by fate, the strength of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;  
 Since, through experience of this great event.  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
 We may with more successful hope, resolve  
 To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and, in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair :  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer :

O prince, O chief of many throned powers,  
 That led th' embattl'd seraphim to war,  
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as gods and heav'nly essences  
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remain  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state

Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our conqueror (whom, I now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)  
Have left us in this our spirit and strength entire,  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his bus'ness be,  
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,  
To undergo eternal punishment?  
Whereto with speedy words th' arch-fiend replied:  
Fall'n cherub! to be weak is miserable,  
Doing or suff'ring; but of this be sure,  
To do aught good, never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil;  
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit,  
Back to the gates of heav'n; the sulphurous hail,  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild .



The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
There rest if any rest can harbour there:  
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;  
How overcome this dire calamity;  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside,  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove:  
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:  
Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fix'd anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wish'd morn delays:  
So stretched out huge in length, the arch-fiend lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence  
Had risen or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling heav'n  
Left him at large to his own dark designs;  
That with reiterated crimes, he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others; and, enrag'd, might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown  
On man by him seduced, but on himself

Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,  
 Driv'n backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue: as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuell'd entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the **sole**  
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the suff'rance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the climate,  
 Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for heaven; this mournful  
 For that celestial light? Be it so! since he **gloom**,  
 Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals! Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells. Hail horrors! hail  
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,  
 Receive thy new possessor! one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.  
 What matter where if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least

We shall be free : th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here, for his envy will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :  
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n !  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part,  
 In this unhappy mansion ; or once more  
 With ralli'd arms, to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell !

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd : Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foued  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage, and revive, though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we eye while, astounded and amaz'd ;  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend  
 Was moving to the shore : his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesole,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea, he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch'd, embow'r ; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore, their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels : so thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under-amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of heav'n ! once yours, now lost !  
If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place.  
After the toil of battle, to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n ?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
T' adore the conqueror, who now beholds  
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from heav'n's gates discern  
Th' advantage, and descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with link'd thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf ?  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n !

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprang  
Upon the wing ; as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse, and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;

Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd  
Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
So numberless were those bad angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear  
Of their great sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;  
A multitude, like which the populous north  
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous sons  
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.  
Forthwith from every squadron, and each band,  
The heads, and leaders, thither haste where stood  
Their great commander; godlike shapes, and forms  
Excelling human; princely dignities,  
And pow'rs that erst in heaven sat on thrones;  
Though of their names in heav'nly records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd  
By their rebellion, from the book of life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names, till, wand'ring o'er the earth,  
Through God's high suff'rance for the trial of man;  
By falsities and lies, the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him that made them, to transform  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities:  
Then were they known to men by various names.

And various idols through the heathen world. [last.  
 Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who  
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
 At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.  
 The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after, next the seat of God.  
 Their altars by his altar; gods ador'd  
 Among the nations round; and durst abide  
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
 Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his sanctuary itself, their shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,  
 Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their children's cries unheard, that passed through  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite [sic  
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,  
 In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon; nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon, he led by fraud, to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God,  
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.  
 Next, Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim: in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
 And Eleale to th' Asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd  
E'en to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate :  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.  
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood  
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtorath, those male,  
These feminine : for spirits, when they please,  
Can either sex assume; or both ; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh ; but, in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial gods ; for which their heads as low  
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns :  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon,  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;  
In Sion, also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell  
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon, allur'd  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale

Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch,  
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest when the captive ark  
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,\*  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers.  
 Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man  
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.  
 He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:  
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
 Ahaz, his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage, and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious off'rings, and adore the gods  
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these, appear'd  
 A crew, who, under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries, abus'd  
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
 Their wand'ring gods, disguis'd in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,  
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd  
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.

\* "Grunsel, or ground-sil edge:" the threshold of the temple-gate



Belial came last, than whom, a spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from heav'n, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,  
 Or altar smok'd: yet who more oft than he  
 In temples, and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist? as did Eli's sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God'  
     In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury, and outrage: and when night  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order, and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue, held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,  
 Their boasted parents: Uran, heav'n's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found,  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus, rul'd the middle air,  
 Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled o'er Adria to th' Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.  
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Down-cast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found their chief  
 Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost.  
 In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore

Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then straight commands that at the warlike sound,  
 Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd  
 Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds  
 At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and serried shields\* in thick array,  
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd  
 To height of noblest temper, heroes old  
 Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
 With dread of death to flight, or foul retreat;  
 Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and 'swage  
 With solemn touches<sup>^</sup> doubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fix'd thought,  
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now  
 Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old, with order'd spear and shield,

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\* "Serried shield;" locked; from the French *Serrier*

Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose: he through the armed files  
 Barts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battallion, views their order due.  
 Their visages and stature as of gods;  
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning, in his strength  
 Glories: for never since created man,  
 Met such embodi'd force, as nam'd with these.  
 Could merit more than that small infantry  
 Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd  
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,  
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights  
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
 When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these, beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than archangel ruin'd and th' excess  
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new risen,  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all, th' archangel: but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast

Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
(Far other once beheld in bliss,) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood.  
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth! at last  
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way

O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty! and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter! but what pow'r of mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past, or present, could have fear'd  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to reascend,  
Self-rais'd; and repossess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,  
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns  
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his regal state  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own.

So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New war provok'd! our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not: that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so ripe  
 There went a fame in heav'n that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of heaven;  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere.  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;  
 For who can think submission? War then, war  
 Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,  
 A num'rous brigade hasten'd: as when bands  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,  
 Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
 From heav'n; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

'Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific; by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands,  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring, tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength, and art, are easily outdone  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they, with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude  
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,  
Sev'ring each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:  
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.  
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did they want  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven,  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence  
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine  
Belus or Serapis, their gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove

In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately height ; and straight the doors,  
 Opening their brazen folds, discover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement ; from the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd ; and the work some praise.  
 And some the architect : his hand was known  
 In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,  
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such a pow'r, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierachy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber ; and how he fell  
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements : from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eye,  
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle : thus they relate,  
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before ; nor aught avail'd him now  
 T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs ; nor did he scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command  
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers : their summons call'd  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came


Attended: all access was throug'd; the gates  
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair,  
Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
To mortal combat, or career with lance)  
Thick swarm'd both on the ground, and in the air  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth the pop'lous youth about the hive  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flow'rs  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel  
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd  
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,  
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless; like that pygmean race  
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still, amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat;  
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
A summons read, the great consult began

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.





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**THE**  
**SECOND BOOK**  
**OF**  
**PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of the new world which he sought.

## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK II.

**H**IGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, and of Ind.  
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.  
**S**atan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus display d.

**P**ow'rs and Dominions, Deities of heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,  
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me, though just **right**, and the fix'd laws of heav'n,  
Did first create **your** leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, **in** council or in fight,  
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus far at least recover'd hath much more  
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior but who here

Will envy whom the highest place, exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greater share  
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence, none whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
 Whether of open war or covert guile,  
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair  
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
 Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse  
 He reck'd not. and these words thereafter spake:

My sentence is for open war; of wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not; them let those  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms and longing wait  
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,  
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
 O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way  
 Turning our Tort'rer into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer: when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine, he shall hear

Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing, against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung o'er our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;  
Th' event is fear'd: should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction; if there be in hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd; what can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
Inexorably, and the ever ringing hour  
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus  
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which to the height errag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being:  
Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing: and by proof, we feel  
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heav'n,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,

Though inaccessible, his fatal throne :\*  
Which if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous  
To less than gods. On th' other side rose up  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;  
A fairer person lost not heav'n ; he seem'd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :  
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Tim'rous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O peers !  
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success :  
When he who most excels in feats of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels ;  
Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair,  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge ? the tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd  
With armed watch, that renders all access  
Impregnable ; oft on the bord'ring deep  
Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel

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\*" His fatal throne : " fated, or upheld by fate.

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd our final hope  
Is flat despair; we must exasperate  
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure.  
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,  
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal wo;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What! when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck  
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse  
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance, arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious war.



Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains ;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,  
Ages of hopeless end ? this would be worse.  
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view ? he from heav'n's height  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides ;  
Not more almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n  
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and these torments ? better these than worse.  
By my advice ; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqu'ror : this is now  
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flame.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour, or innur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain,  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to ourselves more wo.

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb,  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace: and after him, thus Mammon spoke

Either to disenthronè the king of heav'n  
We war, if war we best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthronè we then  
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield  
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife;  
The former vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's lord supreme  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,  
And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his godhead sing  
Forc'd hallelujahs; while he lordly sits  
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours, and ambrosial flow'rs,  
Our servile off'rings? This must be our task  
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd,  
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small.  
 Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse  
 We can create, and in what place soe'er  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark, doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside his glory unobscur'd,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?<sup>2</sup>  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can heav'n show more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements, these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
 In: o their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain.\* All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.  
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur till'd  
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long  
 Had rous'd the seas, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance,  
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest: such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace: for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael

\* "The sensible of pain" the sensibility or faculty of feeling

Wrought still within them ; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise  
 By policy and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to heav'n.  
 Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A pillar of state, deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone.  
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood,  
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night,  
 Or summers noontide air, while thus he spake :  
 Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of heav'n,  
 Ethereal Virtues ; or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd  
 Princes of hell ? for so the pop'lar vote  
 Inclines us, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire ; doubtless, while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
 Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd  
 His captive multitude : for He, be sure,  
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
 By our revolt, but over hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
 Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.  
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?  
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,

And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our pow'r hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suff'ring feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dang'rous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or seige,  
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n  
Err not) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,  
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance; how indu'd, and what their pow'r,  
And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though heav'n be shut,  
And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd;  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left,  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with hell fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
The puny inhabitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpasse  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise

In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here,  
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
 They vote; whereat his speech he thus renew'd

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep,  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view

Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms  
 And opportune excursion we may chance  
 Re-enter heav'n; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light  
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
 Shall breath her balm. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, to spread his airy flight  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle? what strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe

Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
 The weight of all, and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,  
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others' count'nance, read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found  
 So hardy as to proffer or accept

Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last,  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchial pride,  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd, thus spake

O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;  
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, the gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over to prohibit all egress.

These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential Night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him; plung'd in that abortive gulf,  
 If thence he 'scape, into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,  
 And this imperial sov'reignty adorn'd  
 With splendour, arm'd with pow'r if ought propos'd  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honour'd sits? Go therefore, mighty pow'rs,  
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek  
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise  
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent lest from his resolution rais'd,  
Others among the chief might offer now  
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd,  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extol him equal to the Highest in heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd  
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread



Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape, snow or shower :  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heav'nly grace : and God proclaiming peace.  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved ; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal peers :  
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less  
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,  
And godlike imitated state ; him round  
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclos'd  
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
Then of their session ended, they bid cry  
With trumpet's regal sound, the great result :  
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy  
By heralds' voice explain'd ; the hollow abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.  
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers  
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restiess thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,

Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;  
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
With rapid wheels, or fromed brigades form.  
As when to warn proud cities, war appears  
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds, before each van  
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close : with feats of arms  
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.  
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind ; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain, up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw  
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild:  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
By doom of battle ; and complain that fate  
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.  
Their song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing ?)  
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.)  
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argued, then  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory, and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy :  
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite

Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another part in squadrons and gross bands,  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
Cocytus nam'd, of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream : fierce Phlegethon,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls  
Her wat'ry labyrinth, where of who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice :  
A gulf profound as that Serbonion bog  
Betwixt Damiatra and mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.  
Thither by harpy footed furies haul'd  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this Lethæan sound  
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and wo,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp.  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of  
 death,

A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds  
 Perverse all monstrous all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeræas dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design.  
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd the gates of hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave, tow'ring high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the pole. So seem'd  
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,

And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds were brass  
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock  
 Impenetrable, empal'd with circling *etc.*,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape ;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting : about her middle round  
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung.  
 A hideous peal ; yet when they list, would creep.  
 If ought disturb'd their noise into her womb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd  
 In secret ; riding through the air she comes,  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none  
 Distinguishable, in member, joint, or limb ;  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd  
 For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward, came as fast  
 With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
 Admir'd, not fear'd : God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught valu'd he nor shunn'd ;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began :  
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape !

That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass.  
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee;  
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:  
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou he  
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith till then  
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons  
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, ~~are~~ here condemn'd  
To waste eternal days in wo and pain?  
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,  
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn  
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold  
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds  
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
Hovering a space, till winds, the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood.

For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds  
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
 Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
 Against thy only son ? What fury, O Son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy Father's head ? and know'st for whom ?  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids :  
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest  
 Forbore ; then these, to her, Satan return'd :

So strange thy outcry, and thy words, so strange  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends ; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double form'd and why  
 In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
 Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my son ;  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the port'ress of hell gate reply'd .  
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 Now in thine eye so foul ? once deem'd so fair  
 In heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
 In bold conspiracy 'gainst heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden, miserable pain  
 Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung ; amazement seiz'd  
 All th' host of heav'n ; back they recoil'd afraid

At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
Portentous held me ; but familiar grown.  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse ; thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose  
And fields were fought in heav'n ; wherein remain'd  
(For what could else ?) to our almighty foe  
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout  
Through all the empyrean : down they fell  
Into this deep, and in the gen'ral fall  
I also ; at which time this pow'ful key  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotton, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out Death !  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded Death !  
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems,  
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,  
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
And in embraces forcible and foul  
Engend'ring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me : for when they list, into the womb



That bred them, they return, and howl and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd  
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:  
 Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
 Of spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd,  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold  
 Should be, and by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the purlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd  
 Lest heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
 Might hap to move new broils; be this or aught

Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air,\* embalm'd  
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw  
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due  
 And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
 But what owe I to his commands above  
 Who hates me, and hath thither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
 Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly born,  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamours compass'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed;  
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling without end  
 Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our wo, she took;  
 And tow'rd's the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,

\* Buxom air: "yielding."

Which but herself, not all the Stygian Pow'r's  
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens: on a sudden, open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host  
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
 So wide they stood and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height  
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
 For hot, cold, moist or dry, four champions fierce,  
 Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring  
 Their embryon atoms; they round the flag  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere  
 He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more embroils the fray  
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss  
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds ;  
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
Stood on the brink of hell and look'd awhile,  
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,  
With all her battering engines bent to raze  
Some capital city ; or less than if this frame  
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league.  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity : all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft ; that fury stay'd,  
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land ; nigh founder'd on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a grifon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold : so eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog, or steep, thro' straits, rough, dense, or rare  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :  
At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,

Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,  
 Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bord'ring on ligh'; when straight behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd  
 Sit sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,  
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

'T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: ye Pow'rs  
 And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint  
 Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with heav'n; or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal king  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound: direct my course;  
 Directed no mean recompence it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey) and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;  
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With falt'ring speech and visage incompas'd,  
 Answer'd; I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late

Made head against heav'n's King, though overthrown  
 I saw and heard, for such a num'rous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded : and heav'n's gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend,  
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils  
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night : first hell  
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;  
 Now lately heav'n and earth another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
 To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far ;  
 So much the nearer danger ; go and speed ;  
 Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd ; and Satan stay'd not to reply,  
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd  
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way : harder beset  
 And more endanger'd, that when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he ;  
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of heav'n  
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way  
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length  
 From hell continu'd reaching th' utmost orb  
 Of this frail world ; by which the spirits pervade

With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good angels guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works a broken foe  
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.



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THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**G**OD sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and, therefore, with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering, he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it; his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed alights first on mount Niphates.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK III.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of heav'n, first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam;  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,  
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more

Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow  
 Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had th' almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyrean where he sits  
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view;  
 About him all the Sanctities of heav'n  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son; on earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents yet the only two

Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love  
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there.  
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake :

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
Directly tow'rds the new created world,  
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,  
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,  
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' ethereal pow'rs  
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fell:  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell  
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,

Where only what they needs must do appear'd,  
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive ?  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,  
 Not me ? They therefore as to right belong'd,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination overrul'd  
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I ; if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate  
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
 Both what they judge and what they choose ; for as  
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
 Till they intral themselves ; I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall .  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : Man falls, deceiv'd  
 By th' other first : Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none : in mercy and justice both,  
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel .  
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine .  
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All heav'n, and in the bless'd Spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd :  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious ; in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
 Love without end and without measure grace,  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake .

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace ;  
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
With his own folly ? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine ? shall he fulfil  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught.  
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom.  
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell  
Draw after him the whole race of mankind  
By him corrupted ? or wilt thou thyself  
Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
For him what for thy glory thou hast made ?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be question'd, and blasphem'd without defence.  
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd :  
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
As my eternal purpose hath decreed :  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will.  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
I've vouchsaf'd ; once more I will renew  
His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit, and intrall'd  
By sin, to foul exorbitant desires ;  
Upheld by me yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliverance ; and to none but me.

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest ; so is my will :  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To pray'r, repentance, and obed'ence due,  
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire, conscience, whom if they will hea-  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done ; Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of heaven,  
 Affecting godhead, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posterity must die,  
 Die he, or justice must ; unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say heav'nly Pow'rs where shall we find such love  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save ?  
 Dwell's in all heaven charity so dear ?  
 He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,  
 And silence was in heav'n ; on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set

And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.  
Father thy word is past, man shall find grace ;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought ?  
Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
Atonement for himself or offering meet ;  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring ;  
Behold me then ; me for him, life for life  
I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;  
Account me Man ; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleased ; on me let Death wreck all his rage  
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast giv'n me to possess  
Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample air in triumph high  
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show  
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd out of heaven shall look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,  
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave  
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd



Shall enter heav'n long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd  
 And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience : as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
 All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend  
 Wond'ring : but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd

O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
 My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all thy works, nor man the least,  
 Though last created ; that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save  
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.  
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;  
 And be thyself man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wond'rous birth : be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd  
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life  
 So heav'nly love shall outdo heliish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem

So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own,  
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
Far more than great or high : because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
Both God and man, Son both of God and man,  
Anointed universal King : all power  
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits : under thee as head supreme,  
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce .  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.  
When thou attended gloriously from heav'n  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
Thy summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim  
Thy dread tribunal ; forthwith from all winds  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages, to the general doom  
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels : they arraign'd shall sink  
Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
And after all their tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.

Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies !  
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.  
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices uttering joy, heav'n rung  
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd  
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent  
Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;  
Immortal amaranth, a flow'r which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom; but soon for Man's offence  
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,  
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n  
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;  
With these that never fade, the Spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.  
Then crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high,  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.  
Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; the Author of all being,  
Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st

The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
Yet dazzle heav'n that brightest seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, divine similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee  
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample spirit rests.  
He heav'n of heav'ns and all the pow'rs there'n  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring dominations : thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels that shook  
Heav'ns everlasting frame while o'er the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.  
Back from pursuit thy pow'rs with loud acclaim  
Thee only extoll'd Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on man : him through their malice fall'n,  
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
So strictly, but much more to pity incline :  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man  
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,  
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
For man's offence. O unexampled love,  
Love no where to be found less than divine !  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men thy name  
Shall be the copious matter of my song  
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.  
Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,

Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe  
Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
The luminous inferior orbs enclos'd  
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
Satan alighted walks : a globe far off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent ;  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night,  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms  
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky,  
Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n,  
Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
Of glimm'ring air, less vex'd with tempest loud ;  
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field  
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,  
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds.  
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanling kids,  
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the springs  
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams ;  
But in his way lights on the barren plains  
Of Sericana, where Chinesus drive  
With sails and wind their cany wagons light :  
So on this windy sea of land, the fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey :  
Alone, for other creature in this place  
Living or lifeless to be found was none ;  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
With vanity had fill'd the works of men ;  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life :  
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;  
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.  
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :  
 Others came single ; he who to be deem'd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus : and many more too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven ;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ;  
 They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere\* whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd :  
 And now saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air ; then might ye see

\* "And that crystalline sphere," &c. an allusion to the Ptolemaic notion of a *trepidation* or *libration* in the crystalline heaven, caused by the *primum mobile*, or first-moved and first mover.

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers tost  
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd  
The paradise of fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste  
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of heav'n, a structure high;  
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellish'd: thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n.  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes  
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd  
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake  
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide.

Wider by far than that of after times  
Over mount Sion ; and, though that were large,  
Over the promis'd land, to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
On high behests his angels to and'fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,  
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood  
To Beersheba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt, and the Arabian snore :  
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair  
That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven gate,  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :  
Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,  
The spirit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,  
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling canopy  
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
Downright into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds.  
On other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles.



Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales.  
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He stay'd not to inquire: above them all  
 The golden sun in splendour likest heav'n  
 Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering  
 lamp

Turns swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;  
 So wondrously was set his station bright.  
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on earth, metal of stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind  
 Volatile hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.

What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,  
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare ?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from th' equator, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and th' air  
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the sun :  
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd  
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandering flight  
To Paradise the happy seat of man,  
His journey's end and our beginning wo,  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay ;  
And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd :  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore  
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard ; the angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his par, and straight was known  
 Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven  
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and ere his eyes  
 That run through all the heav'n's, or down to th' earth  
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts :

Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest heav'n, to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;  
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
 To visit oft this new creation round ;  
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man  
 His chief delight, and favour, him for whom  
 All these this work so wondrous he ordain'd,  
 Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim  
 Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest seraph, tell  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
 Or open admiration him behold,  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet  
 The universal Maker we may praise ;  
 Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes  
 To deepest hell, and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happy race of men  
 To serve him better : wise are all his ways

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;  
 For neither man nor angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks

Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth:  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: which'now for once beguil'd  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
In his uprightness answer thus return'd:

Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report hear only in heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
I saw when at his word the formless mass  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd  
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;  
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,  
Each had his place appointed, each his course;  
The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side

With light from hence, though but reflected. shines.  
That place is earth, the seat of man, that light  
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere  
Night would invade: but there the neighb'ring moon  
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n,  
With borrow'd light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point, is Paradise,  
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,  
As to superior spirits is wont in heav'n,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,  
Nor stay'd till on Niphates top he lights.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

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**THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

SATAN now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions; fear, envy, and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK IV.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in heav'n aloud,  
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Wo to the inhabitants on earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,  
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now  
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell;  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
And like a devilish engine back recoils  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The hell within him; for within him hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
One step no more than from himself can fly  
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair  
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse suff'rings must ensue.



Sometimes tow'rd's Eden, which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;  
Sometimes tow'rd's heav'n and the full-blazing sun.  
Which now sat high in his meridian tower :  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began :

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down  
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King  
Ah therefore ! he deserv'd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was . . .  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
I 'sdain'd subjection ; and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?  
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,  
Drawn to his part ; but other pow'rs as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.

Hast thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?  
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what t' accuse  
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?  
 Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate  
 To me alike, it deals eternal wo.  
 Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his, thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
 Which way I fly is hell : myself am hell :  
 And in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.  
 O then at last relent : is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?  
 None left but by submission ; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery ; such joy, ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain  
 By act of grace my former state : how soon  
 Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recall  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void :  
 . or never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission, bought with double smart  
 This knows my punisher : therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace .

All hope excluded thus, behold instead  
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost  
 Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair ;  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld ;  
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm  
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first  
 That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge ;  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursu'd him down  
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigur'd more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort ; his gestures fierce  
 He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access deny'd : and over head up grew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung :

Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.  
And higher than that wall, a circling row  
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enammel'd colours mix'd :  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath show'r'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd  
That landscape : And of pure, now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales  
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blew  
Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest, with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a  
league

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles :  
So entertain'd these odorous sweets the fiend  
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd  
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill,  
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;  
But further way found none so thick entwin'd,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way :  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
On th' other side : which when th' arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound

Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,  
In hurdled cotes, amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :  
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold :  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life giving plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd, had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd,  
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
A heav'n on earth : for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east  
Of Eden planted ; Eden stretch'd her line  
From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar : in this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd ;  
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold ; and next to life.

Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by,  
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown  
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade  
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs: thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view;  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and  
balm;  
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall  
Down the slope hills dispers'd, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their choir apply : airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the snell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,  
Hid Amalthea and her florid son  
Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye :  
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, enclos'd with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures new to sight and strange :  
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,  
And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine,  
The image of their glorious Maker, shone  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)  
Whence true authority and men ; though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd :  
For contemplation he, and valour form'd ;

For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;  
He for God only, she for God in him :  
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd  
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
She as a veil down to the slender waist  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd ;  
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
Of nature's works ; honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill :  
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met ;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down ; and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gard'ning labour, than suffic'd  
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell.  
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs  
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind  
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream

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Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league.  
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd  
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambol'd before them ; th' unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath.  
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career  
 To the ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale  
 Of heav'n, the stars that usher evening rose :  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior : whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to wo,  
 More wo, the more your taste is now of joy ;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n  
 Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd ; yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn.  
 Though I unpitied : league with you I seek,

And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give; hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings; there will be room.  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
By conq'ring this new world, compels me now  
To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea excus'd his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd  
To mark what of their state he more might learn  
By word or action mark'd: about them round,  
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd  
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
Grip'd in each paw; when Adam first of men  
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,  
'Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Pow'r  
That made us, and for us this ample world,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite ;  
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd: O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right,  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks ; I chiefly who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how  
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love; there I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: what thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human race. What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;  
Thou following cry'st aloud, Return, fair Eve,  
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
So spake our general mother, and with eyes

Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
 And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd  
 On our first father; half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
 That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron hip  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:  
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems,  
 One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? and do they only stand  
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die; what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wand'ring spirit of heaven by fountain side

Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his  
 roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heav'n  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night:  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 Th' unarm'd youth of heav'n but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste:

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in.  
 This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man  
 God's latest image: I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait;  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north.

Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :  
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him : one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd .  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,  
 See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come  
 Well known from heav'n ; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence : if spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthly bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar :  
 But if within the circuit of these walks,  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n  
 Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
 Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,  
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there  
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung,  
 Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament  
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.  
When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th' hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines  
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long  
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways,  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd  
My author and disposer, what thou bidst  
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night



With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train;  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers:  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet;  
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd:  
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,  
These have their course to finish round the earth.  
By morrow evening, and from land to land  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Minist'ring light prepar'd they set and rise;  
Lest total darkness should by night regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
Of various influence foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or reponsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With heav'nly touch of instrumeral sounds

In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful bow'r! it was a place  
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between. and  
wrought

Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none;  
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet smelling herbs,  
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,  
And heav'nly choirs the hymenæan sung,  
What day the genial angels to our sire  
Brought her in naked beauty; more adorn'd,  
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night.

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits engend'ring pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend,  
 Back stept those two fair angels half amaz'd,  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon:  
 Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd.  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?  
 Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn.  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
 To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn  
 Think not revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,  
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure;  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee: and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
 But come for thou, be sure, shalt give account

To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best, with the best, the sender, not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;  
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb; to strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud:

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
'thuriel and Zephon through the shade.  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seem the prince of hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his looks defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd.  
And brief related whom they brought, where found.  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress

By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
 Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?  
 To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow ;  
 Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
 And such I held thee ; but this question ask'd  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?  
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
 Though thither doom'd ? Thou wouldst thyself no  
 doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place  
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;  
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
 But evil hast not try'd ; and wilt object  
 His will who bound us ? let him surer bar  
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance ; thus much what was ask'd .  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say ;  
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd :  
 O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,  
 Since Satan fell whom folly overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd ;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
 However, and to 'scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell.  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.  
 But wherefore thou alone ? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all hell broke loose ? is pain to them

Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not came sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd frowning stern:  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting angel: well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
And seconded by thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new created world, whereof in hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted powers  
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve the Lord  
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throue,  
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd:  
To say, and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,  
Satan, and could'st thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to the acknowledg'd power supreme?  
And thou, sly hypocrite. who now wouldst seem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd. and cring'd, and servilely ador'd  
 Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I aread thee now, Avaunt;  
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth. not to scorn  
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd:

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains.  
 Proud limitary cherub,\* but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though heav'n's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers.  
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest, waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands  
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd:  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plum'd: nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadfu-  
 deeds

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope

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\* "Proud limitary cherub:" *limitary* means guarding the *limits*.

Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astrea and the scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms : in these he put two weights  
The sequel each of parting and of fight ;  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam :  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend :

Satan, I know thy strength and thou know'st mine,  
Neither our own but giv'n ; what folly then  
To boast what arms can do ? since thine no more  
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
weak,

If thou resist. The fiend look'd up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.





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**THE  
FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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MORNING approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out, to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK V.

NOON morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,  
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan  
Lightly disper'd, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last, best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :  
O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night  
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night : methought,  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,  
Why sleep'st thou Eve ? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns  
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things : in vain,  
If none regard ; heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?  
In whose sight all things joy with ravishment.  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day :  
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood  
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heav'  
By us oft seen : his dewy locks distill'd  
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;  
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet.  
Nor God, nor man ? is knowledge so despis'd ?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?  
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm

He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :  
 But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt.  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men !  
 And why not gods of men, since good the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
 Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be ;  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods .  
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
 Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluck'd ; the pleasant savoury smel  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prcspect wide  
 And various : wond'ring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down.  
 And fell asleep ; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream ! Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad :  
     Best image of myself, and dearer half  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;  
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief : among these fancy next  
 Her office holds : of all external thing,

Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
 Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires  
 Into her private cell when nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes  
 To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late  
 Some such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.  
 Evil in the mind of God or man  
 May come and go, so un approv'd and leave  
 No spot or blame behind : which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.  
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first, from under shady arb'rous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce uprisen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east

Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style ; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness ; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame.  
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,  
 On us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light,  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth



Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix  
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines ;  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us only good ; and if the night  
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.  
On to their morning's rural work they haste  
Among sweet dews and flow'rs ; where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine  
To wed her elm ; she 'spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld

With pity heav'n's high King, and to him call'd  
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd  
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth  
Satan from hell 'scap'd through the darksome gulf  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day, as friend with friend.  
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade  
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose ; and such discourse bring on.  
As may advise him of his happy state,  
Happiness in his pow'r left free to will,  
Left to his own free will, his will though free,  
Yet mutable ; whence warn him to beware  
He swerve not too secure : tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,  
Late fall'n himself from heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss ;  
By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ,  
But by deceit and lies ; this let him know,  
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
All justice ; nor delay'd the winged saint  
After his charge receiv'd ; but from among  
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood  
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of heav'n ; th' angelic choir,  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate  
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
On golden hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sov'reign architect had fram'd.  
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,

Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon :  
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,  
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither, prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sail'd between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar  
 Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament ; the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colours dipt in heav'n ; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch ; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise ;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound :  
 Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
 A wilderness of sweets : for nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art ; enormous bliss.

Him through the spicy forest onward come,  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam  
 needs :

And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd :

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
 Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
 Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus Eve: Adam, earth's hallow'd mould  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons ripe for use, hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our angel guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
 God hath dispens'd his bounties as in heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix

Tastes, not well join'd inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change ;  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shore  
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
 Alcinous reign'd fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell.  
 She gathers tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand ; for drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strows the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
 His godlike-guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections ; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when the rich retinue long  
 Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,  
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meet,  
 As to a superior nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said : Native of heav'n, for other place  
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain ;  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic virtue answer'd mild :  
 Adam I therefore came, nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,

As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n  
 To visit thee ; lead on then where thy bower  
 O'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd  
 With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells ; but Eve  
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair  
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n ; no veil  
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm  
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel, Hail,  
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
 Long after to the blest Mary, second Eve.

Ha ! mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample square from side to side  
 All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. Awhile discourse they held:  
 No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began  
 Our author: Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
 The earth to yield ; unsavoury food perhaps  
 To spiritual natures ; only this I know,  
 That one celestial Father gives to all.  
 To whom the Angel : Therefore what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food ; and food alike those pure  
 Intelligential substances require,  
 As doth your rational ; and both contain  
 Within them every lower faculty  
 Of sense whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste.  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,

And corporeal, to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustain'd and fed; of elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
 The sun that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimantal recompense  
 In humid exhalations, and at even  
 Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees  
 Of life, ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar, though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with heav'n; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat.  
 And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of theologians; but with keen despatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
 Through spirits with ease: nor wonder; if by fire  
 Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.  
 Thus when with meats and drinks they had satiate'd,

Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Given him by this great conference to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their being  
 Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
 Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd :  
     Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man.  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At heav'n's high feast t' have fed : yet what compare ?  
     To whom the winged hierarch reply'd :  
 O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not deprav'd from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Endued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life ;  
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
 As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending  
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the  
     leaves  
 More airy, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirit odorous breathes : flow'rs and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual ; give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or intuitive ; discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours



Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you  
 To proper substance ; time may come, when men  
 With angels may participate and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare ;  
 And from these corporeal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here, or in heav'nly Paradise dwell ;  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd  
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
 From centre to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found  
 Obedient ? can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend ?

To whom the angel : Son of heav'n and earth.  
 Attend : that thou art happy, owe to God ;  
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
 That is to thy obedience ; therein stand.  
 This was that caution given thee ; be advised.  
 God made thee perfect not immutable ;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy pow'r ; ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity :

Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated ; such with him  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose ?  
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
Hold as you yours, while our obedience holds :  
On other surety none ; freely we serve,  
Because we freely love, as in our will  
To love or not ; in this we stand or fall ;  
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from heav'n to deepest hell : O fall  
From what high state of bliss into what wo !

To whom our great progenitor : Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hill  
Aereal music send ; nor know I not  
To be both will and deed created free ;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love  
Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me, and still assure : though what thou tell'st  
Hath pass'd in heav'n, some doubt within me move.  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard ;  
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphael  
After short pause assenting, thus began :

High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits  
Of warring spirits ? how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once,

And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
 This is dispens'd: and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,  
 As may express them best; though what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein  
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these heav'ns, now roll, where earth  
 now rests

Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day  
 (For time, though in eternity, apply'd  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future,) on such day  
 As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host  
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd  
 nnumerable before th' Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd  
 Under their hierarchies in orders bright:  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:

Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold

At my right hand: your head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow  
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:  
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
 United as one individual soul  
 For ever happy; him who disobeys,  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day  
 Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd: all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem;  
 And in their motions harmony divine  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd  
 (For we have also our evening and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need.)  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous; all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.  
 On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had chang'd

The grateful twilight (for night comes not there  
 In darker veil,) and roseate dews dispos'd  
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;  
 Wide over the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread  
 (Such are the courts of God,) th' angelic throng,  
 Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with cool winds ; save those who in their course  
 Melodious hymn about the sov'reign throne  
 Alternate, all night long : but not so wak'd  
 Satan : so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in heav'n ; he of the first,  
 If not the first arch-angel, great in pow'r,  
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain ;  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworship'd unbey'd the throne supreme  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake :  
     Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids ? and rememb'rest what decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips  
 Of heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart :  
 Both waking we were one ; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent ? New laws thou seest impos'd,  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue : more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou

Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night  
Her shadowy cloud withdraws I am to haste,  
And all who under me their banners wave.  
Homeward with flying march where we possess  
The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King,  
The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false arch-angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwary breast  
Of his associate: he together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now ere night,  
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd heav'n,  
The great hierarchial standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of their great potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides  
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host.  
Meanwhile th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount  
And from within the golden lamps that burn  
Nightly before him, saw without their light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high decree;  
And smiling to his only Son thus said:

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms

We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of deity or empire; such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the son with calm aspect and clear,  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer: Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain.  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
 Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dex'trous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers  
 Far was advanc'd on winged speed, a host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night,  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
 Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,  
 In their triple degrees: regions to which  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea, from one entire globose  
 Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd  
 At length into the limits of the north  
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing as a mount  
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold  
 The palace of great Lucifer (so call  
 That structure in the dialect of men

Interpreted,) which not long after, he  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that mount whereon  
Messiah was declar'd in sight of heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd ;  
For thither he assembled all his train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their king  
Thither to come, and with calumnious art  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears :

Thrones, dominations, precedoms, virtues, powers.

If these magnificent titles yet remain  
Not merely titular, since by decree  
Another now hath to himself engross'd  
All power, and us eclips'd under the name  
Of king anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This only to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new,  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd ?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
The supple knee ? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
Natives and sons of heav'n possess'd before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free ; for orders and degrees  
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchy over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendour less.  
In freedom equal ? or can introduce  
Law and edict on us, who without law  
Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse



Of those imperial titles, which assert

Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without control  
Had audience, when among the seraphim,  
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd  
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd :

O argument blasphemous, false and proud !  
Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,  
In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
That to his only Son by right endued  
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
Confess him rightful King? unjust, thou say'st,  
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let reign,  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of liberty, who made  
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heav'n  
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good and of our dignity  
How provident he is, how far from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happy state under one head more near  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals monarch reign :  
Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count  
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom  
As by his word the mighty Father made  
All things, e'en thee; and all the spirits of heav'n  
By him created in their bright degrees,  
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd

Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,  
 Essential pow'rs ; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made ; since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes ;  
 His laws our laws ; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage.  
 And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease  
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent angel ; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd,  
 Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd :

That we were form'd then say'st thou ? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son ? strange point and new !  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd : who


saw

When this creation was ? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?  
 We know no time when we were not as now ;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raisd  
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own : our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to th' anointed King ;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host ; nor less for that  
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone,  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold :

O alienate from God, O spirit accurs'd,  
 Forsaken of all good ; I see thy fall  
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah : those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd ; other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recal ;  
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise.  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrify'd,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought ;  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd



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THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT

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**RAPHAEL** continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet, the tumult not so ending, God on the third day, sends Messiah his son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK VI.

ALL night the drowsy angel unpursu'd  
Through heav'n's wide champaign held his way ; till  
morn,

Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
heav'n

Grateful vicissitude, like day and night ;  
• Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour  
To veil the heav'n, though darkness there might  
well

Seem twilight here : and now went forth the morn  
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold  
Empyrean ; from before her vanish'd night,  
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain  
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :  
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct,\* and found  
Already known, what he for news had thought

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\* " War in procinct " war prepared, or ready-giv'd.

To have reported : gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one  
 Return'd not lost : on to the sacred hill  
 They led him high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice  
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard :  
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who-single hast maintain'd  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms :  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence ; for this was all my care  
 To stand approv'd, in sight of God, though worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
 Right reason for their law, and for their King  
 Messiah ; who by right of merit reigns.  
 Go Michael of celestial armies prince,  
 And thou in military prowess next  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed saints  
 By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,  
 Equal in number to that godless crew  
 Rebellious : them with fire and hostile arms  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of heav'n  
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall.

So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awak'd ; nor with less dread the loud

Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow :  
At which command the powers militant,  
That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd  
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds  
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,  
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides  
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their pimple tread ; as when the total kind  
Of birds, in order array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee ; so over many a tract  
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last  
Far in th' horizon to the North appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
Various ; with boastful argument portray'd,  
The banded pow'rs of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition ; for they ween'd  
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid-way ; though strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great sire  
Hymning th' eternal Father ; but the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought



High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
 Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd  
 With flaming cherubim and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented, stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd  
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold:  
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores:

O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty  
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd  
 Unsound and false; nor is it ought but just,  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor: though brutish that contest, and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd:

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd  
 The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain  
 Against th' Omnipotent, to rise in arms;  
 Who out of smallest things could without end

Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat  
Thy folly ; or with solitary hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darkness : but thou seest  
All are not of thy train ; there be who faith  
Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
From all : my sect thou seest ; now learn too late  
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
Thus answer'd : Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
Of my revenge first sought, for thou return'st  
From flight, seditious angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue  
Inspired with contradiction durst oppose  
A third part of the gods, in synod met  
Their deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigour divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me some plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest : this pause between  
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know ;  
At first I thought that liberty and heav'n  
To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song ;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,  
Servility with freedom to contend,  
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd  
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,

When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself intral'd;  
 Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in hell thy kingdom; let me serve  
 In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd:  
 Yet chains in hell, not realms expect: meanwhile  
 From me return'd as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth,  
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat  
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shou.  
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
 Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound  
 Th' arch-angel trumpet: through the vast of heav'n  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now  
 Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire:  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd

Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage ; all heav'n  
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when  
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions : how much more of pow'r  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;  
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent  
From his strong hold of heav'n high over-rul'd  
And limited their might ; though number'd such  
As each divided legion might have seem'd  
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear : each on himself rely'd,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory : deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite : for wide was spread  
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire : long time in even scale  
The battle hung : till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb

Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
 A vast circumference : at his approach  
 The great arch-angel from his warlike toil  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch foe subdu'd  
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began :  
 Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest ; heav'n cast thee out  
 From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.  
 So spake the prince of angels : to whom thus  
 The adversary : Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me,  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence ? err not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
 The strife of glory : which we mean to win.  
 Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell  
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign : meanwhile thy utmost force.

And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.  
 They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height  
 Of godlike pow'r? for likest gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.  
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
 Together both with next to almighty arm  
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once; and odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd.  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shar'd  
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd: so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash  
 A stream of nect'rous humour, issuing flow'd

Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd erewhile so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war; there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in pow'r.  
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air;  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloch furious king; who him defy'd,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd.  
 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,  
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence

Of Ramial, scorch'd and blasted overthrow.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth: but those elect  
 Angels contented with their fame in heav'n,  
 Seek not the praise of men; the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war.  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from heav'n and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
 For strength from truth divided and from just,  
 Illaudable naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame;  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd  
 With many an inroad gor'd; deform'd rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain,  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd

Now night her course began, and over heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of war:  
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and vanquish'd; on the fough'ten field



Michael and his angels prevalent  
 Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest.  
 His potentates to council call'd by night;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began:  
 O now in danger try'd, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)  
 What heav'n's Lord had pow'rfullest to send  
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so; then fallible it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd, and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small as easy think  
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none: if other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.  
 He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
 Nisroch, of principalities the prime;  
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,

Sore toil, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake:  
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our rights as gods; yet hard  
For gods, and too unequal work we find,  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd:  
Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this etherous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious heav'n adorn'd  
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems and gold;  
Whose eye so superficially surveys  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth  
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
These in their dark nativity the deep  
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hollow engines long and round  
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes

Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour: yet ere dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;  
 Abandon fear; to strength and council join'd  
 Think nothing hard; much less to be despair'd.

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
 To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
 Impossible: yet haply of thy race  
 In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With dev'lish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;  
 Nor arguing stood; innumerable hands  
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
 Th' originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception: sulphurous and nitrous-foam  
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art.  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd;  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,  
 Up rose the victor angels, and to arms  
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood

Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
 Soon banded ; other from the dawning hills  
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast, light-armed scout  
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe.  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion, or in halt ; him soon they met  
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
 But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd :

Arm, warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand.  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
 He comes, and settled in his face I see  
 Sad resolution and secure : let each  
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield.  
 Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment,  
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
 And onward mov'd embattled : when behold  
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
 Training his dev'lish enginery, empal'd  
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 Awhile ; but suddenly at head appear'd  
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold !  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open breast  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse ;  
 But that I doubt : however witness heav'n,  
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part : ye who appointed stand,

Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.  
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
 Had ended; when to right and left the front  
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd :  
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
 A triple-mounted row of pillars laid  
 On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,  
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)  
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
 Protending hollow truce : at each behind  
 A seraph stood, and in his hands a reed  
 Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we suspense,  
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds  
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heav'n appear'd  
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar  
 Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
 Their dev'lish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
 Of iron globes ; which on the victor host  
 Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, angel on arch-angel roll'd ;  
 The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might  
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift  
 By swift contraction or remove ; but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout ;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.  
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd.  
 And to their foes a laughter ; for in view  
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,

In posture to displode their second tier  
Of thunder : back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision call'd :

O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?  
Erewhile they fierce were coming ; and when we,  
To entertain them fair with open front  
And breast (what could we more ?) propounded terms  
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood :  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbled many ; who receives them right  
Had need from head to foot well understand ;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory : eternal might  
To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
Awhile in trouble : but they stood not long :  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,  
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd,)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For earth has this variety from heav'n  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.)  
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew :  
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,

They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands : amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;  
 Till on those cursed engines triple-row  
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;  
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
 Main promontories flung, which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd ;  
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and  
 bruis'd,  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan.  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such pris'n, though spirits of purest light.  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore :  
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;  
 Infernal noise ; war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar : horrid confusion heap'd  
 Upon confusion rose : and now all heaven  
 Had gone to wrack with ruin overspread,  
 Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honour his anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All pow'r on him transferr'd : whence to his Son  
 Th' assessor of his throne he thus began :  
 Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld

Visibly, what by deity I am,  
And in whose hand by what decree I do,  
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,  
Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame  
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
Equal in their creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
Insensible, for I suspend their doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes  
Wild work in heav'n, and dang'rous to the main,  
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare;  
And this perverse commotion govern'd, thus  
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir  
Of all things, to be heir, and to be King  
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
Go then thou mightiest in thy Father's might,  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
Gird on; and sword upon thy puissant thigh,  
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out  
From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God and Messiah his annointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full: he all his Father full express'd



Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake :  
 O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Throne,  
 First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seek'st  
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee,  
 As is most just ; this I my glory account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd.  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount  
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he sat ;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through heav'n : forth rush'd with whirl-  
 wind sound

The chariot of paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four cherubic shapes ; four faces each  
 Had wondrous ; as with stars their bodies all,  
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
 Of beril, and careering fires between ;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.  
He in celestial panoply all arm'd  
Of radiant urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended; at his right hand victory  
Sat eagle-wing'd: beside him hung his bow  
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:  
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
He onward came, far off his coming shone;  
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:  
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd  
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
First seen; the unexpected joy surpris'd  
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd  
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven;  
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,  
Under their head embodied all one.  
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;  
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd  
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
Obsequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.  
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?  
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
Took envy: and aspiring to his height,  
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
In universal ruin last; and now

To final battle drew, disdain'd flight,  
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake:  
Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand.  
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,  
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done  
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs;  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
Nor multitude; stand only and behold  
God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
By me; not you but me they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, t' whom in heav'n supreme  
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains,  
Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not envious, nor care who them excels;  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.  
So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
His count'nance too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orb  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent

Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
All courage: down their idle weapons dropt;  
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode  
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the four-fold visag'd four  
Distinct with eyes and from the living wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley: for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n:  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd  
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And crystal wall of heav'n, which opening wide,  
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Encumber'd him with ruin: hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd

Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of wo and pain.  
 Disburden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
 Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :  
 To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanc'd : and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,  
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n  
 Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid heav'n into the courts  
 And temple of his mighty Father thron'd  
 On high ; who into glory him receiv'd  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,  
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human race been hid ;  
 The discord which befel, and war in heav'n  
 Among th' angelic pow'rs, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With satan ; he who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery ;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the most High,  
 Thee once to gain companions of his wo.  
 But listen not to his temptations, warn  
 Thy weaker ; let it profit thee t' have heard  
 By terrible example the reward  
 Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.



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THE

**SEVENTH BOOK**

OF

**PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**RAPHAEL**, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created : that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein ; sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days : the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into Heaven.



## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK VII.

DESCEND from heav'n, Urania, by that name,  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou  
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd  
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down  
Return to me my native element:  
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)  
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall  
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible diurnal sphere;  
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days.



On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude : yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers, nightly, or when morn  
Purples the east : still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphael,  
The affable arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
Adam by dire example to beware  
Apostacy, by what befel in heav'n  
To those apostates, lest the like befal  
In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,  
And war so near the peace of God in bliss  
With such confusion : but the evil soon  
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose : and now  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him, how this world  
Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began,  
When and whereof created, for what cause,

What within Eden or without was done  
Before his memory, as one whose drought  
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest :  
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
Far differing from this world thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
Down from the empyrean to forewarn  
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :  
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
Gently for our instruction to impart  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail to know,  
How first began this heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
Embracing round this floral earth, what cause  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
Through all eternity so late to build  
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou mayst unfold  
What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
Of his eternal empire, but the more  
To magnify his works, the more we know.  
And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heav'n,  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of nature from the unnapparent deep :

Or if the star of evening and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch,  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
End and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :  
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild :  
This also thy request with caution ask'd,  
Obtain : though to recount almighty works,  
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To glorify the Maker, and infer  
Thee also happier, shalt not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such commission from above  
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
To none communicable in earth or heav'n :  
Enough is left besides to search and know.  
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain ;  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.  
Know then, that after Lucifer from heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of angels, than that star the stars among,)  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
Victorious with his saints, th' omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

At last our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought,  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deity supreme, us dispossest'd,

He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more ;  
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
Their station, heav'n yet populous retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due, and solemn rites :  
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
Already done, to have dispeopled heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
And earth be chang'd to heav'n, and heav'n to earth  
One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of heav'n,  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :  
My overshadowing spirit and might with thee  
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep  
Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth,  
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, necessity and chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.  
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake,  
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,  
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will ;

Glory they sung to the most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace :  
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight,  
 And th' habitations of the just ; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of spirits malign a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the hierarchies : meanwhile the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
 Of majesty divine ; sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,  
 And virtues, wing'd spirits, and chariots wing'd  
 From th' armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage ; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them spirits liv'd,  
 Attendant on their Lord : heav'n open'd wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory in his pow'rful word  
 And spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.  
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end :  
 Nor stay'd, but on the wings of cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn .

For Chaos heard his voice : him all his tra'n  
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things :  
 One foot he centred, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure.  
 And said Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world ;  
 Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void ; darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' abyss : but on the wat'ry calm  
 His brooding wings the spirit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold, infernal dregs  
 Adverse to life : then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to likè, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
 And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light  
 Etherial first, of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
 To journey the airy gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good ;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided : light the day, and darkness, night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn,  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;  
 Birth-day of heav'n and earth ; with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd

God and his works, Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn  
 Again, God said, let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters : and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round : partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing : for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame .  
 And heav'n he nam'd the firmament : so even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day .

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, enbryon immature involv'd,  
 Appear'd not : over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said,  
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky :  
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters : thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste : such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift floods : as armies at the call  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard. so the wat'ry throng,

Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wand'ring, found their way.  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters he call'd seas:  
 And saw that it was good, and said, *Let th' earth*  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green,  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet: and these scarce blown.  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept  
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattled in her field; and th' humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit; last  
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were  
     crown'd,  
 With tufts the valley and each fountain side,  
 With borders long the rivers: that earth now  
 Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where gods might dwell  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground.  
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth



God made, and every herb, before it grew  
On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :  
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.  
Again the Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
High in th' expanse of heaven to divide  
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,  
And let them be for lights as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of heav'n  
To give light on the earth ; and it was so.  
And God made two great lights, great for their use  
To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night altern : and made the stars.  
And set them in the firmament of heav'n  
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good :  
For of celestial bodies, first the sun  
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mould : then form'd the moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither as to their fountain other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through heav'n's high road ; the grey  
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,

Shedding sweet influence ; less bright the moon,  
But opposite in level'd west was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousands stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorn'd  
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul :  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Display'd on th' open firmament of heav'n.  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And every bird of wing after his kind ;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas  
And lakes and running streams the waters fill :  
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea : part single or with mate  
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves  
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold  
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal,  
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait  
Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep

Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge  
 They summ'd their pens,\* and soaring the air sub-  
 lime

With clang desci's'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their ways  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky: others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
 Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.  
 The sixth, and of creation last, arose

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\* "Summ'd their pens:" had their quills mature or full grown.

With evening harps and matin, when God said,  
 Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind.  
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd and straight  
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown : out of the ground up rose  
 As from his lair the wild beast where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;  
 Among the trees in pairs they walk'd :  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green :  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane, the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd  
 His vastness : fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose  
 As plants : ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm : those wav'd their limber fans  
 For wings and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green :  
 These as a line their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
 Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, unroll'd  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes

Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
 names,

Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course ; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd ; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk  
 Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd ;  
 There wanted yet the master work, the end  
 Of all yet done ; a creature who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works : therefore th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (for where is not he  
 Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake .  
 Let us make now man in our image man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
 The breath of life ; in his own image he

Created thee, in the image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste:  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields  
Variety without end; but of the tree,  
Which tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,  
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st  
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created world  
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering his great idea. Up he rode  
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air  
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst,)  
The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung.

Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
The great Creator, from his work return'd  
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged messengers  
On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
The glorious train ascending: he through heav'n,  
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
To God's eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun  
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount  
Of heav'n's high seated top, th' imperial throne  
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
The filial power arriv'd, and sat him down  
With his great Father, for he also went  
Invisible, yet stay'd (such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence,) and the work ordain'd,  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept; the harp  
Had work, and rested not, the solemn pipe,  
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire  
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
Choral or unison; of incense clouds  
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.  
Creation and the six days acts they sung,  
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
Thy pow'r; what tho't can measure thee or tongue  
Relate thee? greater now in thy return

Than from the giant angels ; thee that day  
Thy thunders magnified ; but to create  
Is greater than created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy empire ? easily the proud attempt  
Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain  
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might : his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n  
From heav'n gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st  
Their seasons ; among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd.  
Created in his image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his works on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers  
Holy and just : thrice happy if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright.  
So sung they, and the empyrean rung  
With hallelujahs : Thus was sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd that ask'd  
How first this world and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity  
Inform'd by thee might know ; if else thou seek'st  
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say !





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**THE  
EIGHTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**ADAM** inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the angel thereupon . who after admonitions repeated, departs.

## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK VIII.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear:  
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd:

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world  
Of heav'n and earth consisting, and compute  
Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compar'd  
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Their distance argues and their swift return  
Diurnal,) merely to officiate light  
Round this opacious earth, this punctual spot.\*

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\* "This punctual spot:" no bigger than a *point*

One day and night, in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides ; reasoning, I oft admire  
 How nature wise and frugal, could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold to this one use,  
 For ought appears, and on their orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
 Ent'ring or studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery : they at her coming sprung,  
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd.  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress :  
 Her husband the relator she preferr'd  
 Before the angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses ; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O what meet  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd  
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went  
 Not unattended, for on her as queen  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire

Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.  
And Raphael now to Adam doubt propos'd  
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd :  
To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n  
Is as the book of God before thee set  
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.  
This to attain, whether heav'n move, or earth,  
Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
From man or angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
Rather admire ; or if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'ns  
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide.  
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n  
And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicle, orb in orb :  
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit : consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence : the earth  
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,  
Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful earth ; there first receiv'd  
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.  
And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built

So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far ;  
That man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual ; me thou think'st not slow,  
Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In Eden, distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to show,  
Invalid that which thee to doubt is mov'd :  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
God to remove his ways from human sense,  
Plac'd heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight.  
If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
Be centre to the world, and other stars  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?  
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move ?  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief  
If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light

Sent from her through the wide transpicious air.  
To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night  
This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants ; her spots thou seest  
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there : and other suns perhaps  
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,  
Communicating male and female light,  
Which two great sexes animate the world,  
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
By living soul, desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the sun predominant in heav'n,  
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear ;  
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose : joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve ; heav'n is for thee too high  
To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :  
Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;  
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n.



To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd :  
How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure  
Intelligence of heav'n, angel serene,  
And freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
Seek them with wand'ring tho'ts, and notions vain.  
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end ;  
Till warn'd or by experience taught, she learn,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee have I heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;  
And day is not yet spent ; till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, where it not in hope of thy reply :  
For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill  
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek:  
 Nor are thy lips ungrateful, sire of men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:  
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;  
 Nor less think we in heav'n, of thee on earth  
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
 Gladly into the ways of God with man:  
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
 On man his equal love: say therefore on:  
 For I that day was absent, as befel,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell;  
 Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)  
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found fast shut  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching, heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coast of light  
 Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.  
 So spake the God-like pow'r, and thus our sire:  
 For man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun

Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd  
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprang,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams: by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd  
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake:  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady bank profuse of flowers,  
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,

And liv'd : one came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide  
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain ;  
A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadow'd : here had new begun  
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submiss : he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st

I am,

Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :  
Of every tree that in the garden grows  
Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :  
But of the tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,  
From that day mortal, and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world

Of wo and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur : but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd :  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the world  
 To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kind ; I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names ; and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection, understand the same  
 Of fish within their wat'ry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their element to draw the thinner air.  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
 My sudden apprehension : but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still ;  
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd :  
 O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher  
 Surpasest far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
 And all this good to man ? for whose well being,  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things : but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find ?  
 Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd :  
 What call'st thou solitude ? is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command

To come and play before thee? know'st thou not  
Their language and their ways? they also know.  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.  
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus reply'd:

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak  
Such as I see, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd:  
A nice and subtle happiness I see  
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all eternity, for none I know  
Second to me or equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold converse  
Save with the creatures which I made, and those

To me inferior, infinite descents  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd : To attain  
The height and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found ; not so is man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Should'st propagate, already infinite,  
And through all numbers absolute, though one ;  
But man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,  
In unity defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deify'd ;  
I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone, nor in their ways complacence find  
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice divine :

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,  
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
Which thou has rightly nam'd, but of thyself,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still ; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for man to be alone,  
And no such company as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet .

What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now  
 My earthly by his heav'nly over-power'd :  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' leight  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell  
 Of fancy my internal sight, by which  
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hand ;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 Manlike but different sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heav'n could bestow  
 To make her amiable : on she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites



Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud :

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfil'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
Before me ; woman is her name, of man  
Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
The more desirable, or to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;  
I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approved  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn : all heav'n,  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
On his hill top, to light the bridal harp.

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies

n of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs  
s, and the melody of birds; but here  
therwise, transported I behold,  
ported touch; here passion first I felt,  
notion strange, in all enjoyment else  
ior and unmov'd, here only weak  
st the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance  
ture fail'd in me, and left some part  
roof enough such object to sustain,  
on my side subducting, took perhaps  
than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
such of ornament, in outward show  
rate, of inward less exact.  
rell I understand in the prime end  
ture her th' inferior, in the mind  
nward faculties, which most excel,  
tward also her resembling less  
nage who made both, and less expressing  
haracter of that dominion given  
ther creatures; yet when I approach  
veliness, so absolute\* she seems  
n herself complete, so well to know  
wn, that what she wills to do or say,  
s wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;  
gher knowledge in her presence falls  
ided, wisdom in discourse with her  
discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows;  
rity and reason on her wait,  
e intended first, not after made  
ionally; and to consummate all,  
ness of mind and nobleness their seat  
in her loveliest, and create an awe  
t her as a guard angelic plac'd.  
whom the angel with contracted brow:  
e not nature, she hath done her part;  
ou but thine, and be not diffident  
sdom, she deserts thee not, if thou

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\* "So absolute:" finished.

Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh.  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
 An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy 'ove,  
 Not thy subjection ; weigh with her thyself ;  
 Then value : oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well manag'd ; of that skill the more thou know'st  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows :  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou mayst love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
 To cattle, and each beast ; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulg'd, if ought  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still ;  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not  
 Wherein true love consists not ; love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found  
 To whom thus half abash'd Adam, reply'd  
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem,  
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore soil'd,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
 Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
 Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how their love  
 Express they? by looks only, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
 Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none,  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;  
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more; the parting sun  
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant isles  
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway  
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or wo in thee is plac'd; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies

Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.

Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful memory: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to heav'n  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



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THE  
NINTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**S**ATAN having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart; Adam consents not, alleging the danger, least that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her, found alone: Eve loath to be found not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden, he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit; the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK IX.

No more of talk where God or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change  
Those notes to tragic ; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,  
And disobedience ; on the part of heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given  
That brought into this world of wo,  
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,  
Death's harbinger : sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son  
If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated verse :  
Since first this subject for heroic song



Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late ;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights  
 In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds ;  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament ; then marshall'd feast  
 Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschals ;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person, or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine.  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round  
 When Satan who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd.  
 From compassing the earth, cautious of days,  
 Since Uriel regent of the sun descry'd  
 His entrance, and forwarn'd the cherubim  
 That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driven,  
 The space of sev'n continued nights he rode  
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line

He circled, four times cross'd the car of night:  
From pole to pole, traversing each colure,  
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
From entrance of cherubic watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the  
change,

Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;  
In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
Satan, involv'd in rising mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd and land  
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool  
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
Downward as far antarctic; and in length  
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd  
At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd  
With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
Consider'd every creature, which of all  
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
Him after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,  
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native subtlety  
Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd,  
Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd  
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would build?

Terrestrial heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
Light above lights, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concent'ring all their precious beams  
Of sacred influence! As God in heav'n  
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou  
Cent'ring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
Of creatures animate with gradual life  
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.  
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains,  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd  
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state  
But neither here seek I, no, nor in heav'n  
To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme:  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or wo,  
In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
To me shall be the glory sole among  
Th' infernal pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd  
What th' Almighty styl'd, six nights and days  
Continued making, and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
Not longer than since I in one night freed  
From servitude inglorious, well nigh half

Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers ; he to be aveng'd,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heav'nly spoils, our spoils, what he decreed  
 He effected ; man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world and earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounc'd and, O, indignity !  
 Subjected to his service angel wings.  
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
 Their earthly charge : of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent ! that I who erst contended  
 With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of deity aspir'd ;  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to ? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils ;  
 Let it ; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
 Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.  
 So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on

His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent; him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
 Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth  
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill

With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs;  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work: for much their work outgrew  
 The hands despatch of two gard'ning so wide,  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began:

Adam, well may we labour, still to dress  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flower,  
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd, but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Sending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
 Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present:  
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind.  
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I  
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to re-dress till noon:

For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermiss  
Our day's work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd :  
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear,  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy tho'ts employ'd  
How we might best fulfil the work which here  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st  
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us wo and shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,

Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need ;  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest, by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
 To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd :

Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
 And from the parting angel overheard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd :  
 Tho'ts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear ?

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd :  
 Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve !  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe.  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd

Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn  
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The enemy, though bold will hardly dare,  
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn.  
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every virtue, in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on  
Shame to be overcome or overreach'd  
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
Subtle or violent, we not endued  
Single with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
By us? who rather double honour gain  
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
Favour from heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd  
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?



Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd :  
 O woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them ; his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created, much less man,  
 Or ought that might his happy state secure.  
 Secure from outward force ; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power :  
 Against his will he can receive no harm.  
 But God left free the will, for what obeys  
 Reason is free, and reason he made right,  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since reason not impossibility may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely if from me  
 Thou sever not : trial will come unsought :  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience ; th' other who can know,  
 Not seeing the attempted, who attest ?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st  
 Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine

So spake the patriarch of mankind : But Eve  
Persisted, yet submiss though last, reply'd :

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,  
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
The willinger I go, nor much expect  
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand, her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,  
Oread or dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,  
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.  
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
Likest she seem'd Pomona when she fled  
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
Her, long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd  
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose ;  
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
Of thy presum'd return ! event perverse !  
Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ;  
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades  
Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawn the fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find

The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft  
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance or plantation for delight;  
By fountain or by shady rivulet  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish.  
Beyond his hope; Eve separate he spies,  
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
Each flow'r of tender stalk, whose head though gay  
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold  
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers,  
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,  
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,  
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.  
As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine.  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass.  
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more.

She most, and in her look sums all delight :  
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
Thus early, thus alone ; her heav'nly form  
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine ;  
Her graceful innocence, her every air  
Of gesture, or least action overaw'd  
His malice, and with repine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :  
That space the evil-one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge :  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd ; then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :  
    Tho'ts, whither have ye led me ! with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us ! hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying ; other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles : behold alone  
The woman, opportune to all attempts ;  
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould ;  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not ; so much hath hell debas'd, and pain  
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heav'n.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,

Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.  
 So spake the enemy of mankind, enclos'd  
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold a surging maze, his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant : pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely ; never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
 In Epidaurus ; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way ;  
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail :  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve.  
 To lure her eye ; she busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring ; oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she rood.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play ; he glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue

Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began :

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole wonder ; much less art  
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
When universally admir'd ; but here,  
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except  
Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who shouldst be  
seen

A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd.  
By angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd  
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marvelling ; at length  
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake :  
What may this mean ? language of man pronounc'd  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd !  
The first at least of these I thought deny'd  
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
Created mute to all articulate sound ;  
The latter I demur, for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.  
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endued ;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight :  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd :

Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all

• What thou command'st, and right thou should'st be  
obey'd :

I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food ; nor ought but food discern'd  
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high :  
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly tree far distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
Ruddy and gold : I nearer drew to gaze ;  
When from the boughs a savory odour blown.  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play  
To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd  
Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,  
Pow'ful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,  
For high from ground the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's : round the tree  
All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach  
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
At feed or fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,  
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good ;

But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Seimblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray  
 United I beheld; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve  
 Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd:  
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
 But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder blithe and glad:  
 Empress the way is ready, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said Eve: He leading swiftly roll'd  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.  
 So glister'd the dire ~~snake~~, and into fraud  
 Led Eve our credulous ~~mother~~, to the tree



Of prohibition, root of all our wo ;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :  
 Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither  
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here t' excess,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;  
 God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice : the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd :  
 Indeed ! hath God then said that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air ?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless : Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat,  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
 bold

The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as if some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd.  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :  
 So standing, moving, or to height up grown,  
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began :  
 O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,  
 Mother of science, now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways

Of highest agents, deem'd however wise,  
Queen of this universe, do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death ; ye shall not die :  
How should ye ? by the fruit ? it gives you life  
To knowledge ; by the threat'ner ? look on me,  
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.  
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
Is open ? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,  
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;  
Of good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd.  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ;  
Not just, not God ; not fear'd then, nor obey'd ;  
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why then was this forbid ? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye 'low and ignorant,  
His worshippers ; he knows that in the day  
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,  
Knowing both good and evil as they know.  
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,  
Internal man, is but proportion meet ;  
I of brute human, ye of human, gods ;  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on gods ; death to be wish'd,  
Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring  
And what are gods that man may not become  
As they, participating god-like food ?  
The gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds ;  
I question it, for this fair earth I see,  
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,

Them nothing : if they all things, who enclos'd  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies  
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know ?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will if all be his ?  
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts ? these, these and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won :  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth ;  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclinal now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye : yet first  
 Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mus'd :

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd.  
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise  
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil ;  
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want  
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know.  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?  
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if death

Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is we shall die.  
 How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
 For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first  
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
 The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, far from deceit to guile.  
 What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat.  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe  
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
 The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledge, nor was godhead from her thought  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death: satiate at length,  
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon.  
 Thus to herself she pleasantly began:

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise, of operation blest  
 To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created; but henceforth my early care,

Not without song, each morning and due praise  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all ;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the gods who all things know  
 Though others envy what they cannot give ;  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide ; not following thee I had remain'd  
 In ignorance ; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
 And I perhaps am secret ; heav'n is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on earth ; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power  
 Without co-partner ? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior ; for inferior who is free ?  
 This may be well : but what if God have seen  
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct ;  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or wo ;  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd  
 But first low reverence done, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant scintillating sap, deriv'd  
 From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while

Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd ;  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Misgave him ; he the falt'ring measure felt ;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That morn when first they parted ; by the tree  
Of knowledge he must pass, there he her me  
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd .

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long depriv'd  
Thy presence, agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice. for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear ;  
This tree is not as we are told, a tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste ;  
And hath been tasted such ; the serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
Endued with voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine eyes,  
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
And growing up to godhead ; which for thee

Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
 Tedious unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;  
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke:  
 O fairest of creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden? some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die;  
 How can I live without thee, how forego  
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd.  
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
 Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or wo.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd :  
Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve.  
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,  
Had it been only coveting to eye  
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
But past who can recal, or done undo ?  
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate ; yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste ;  
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as man  
Higher degree of life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attain  
Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high,  
Set over all his works, which in our fall,  
For us created, needs with us must fail,  
Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,  
Not well conceiv'd of God, who, though his power  
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
Triumph and say ; Fickle their state whom God  
Most favours ; who can please him long ? Me first  
He ruin'd, now mankind ; whom will he next ?  
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
However I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
Certain to undergo like doom ; if death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;  
So forcible within my heart I feel



The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd:  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death or aught than death more dread  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear.  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known.  
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd  
 Remarkably so late, of thy so true,  
 So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel  
 Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and hard  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance bad

Such recompense best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
Sky bur'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original ; while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
Him with her lov'd society that now  
As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the earth : but that false tru:  
Far other operation first display'd,  
Carnal desire inflaming ; he on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious eye, she him  
As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn :  
Til' Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move :

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And palate call judicious ; I the praise  
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting ; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbid'n, it might be wish'd,  
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
As meet is after such delicious fare ;  
For never did thy beauty since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof-embow'rd.  
He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.  
There they their fill of love and love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour bland  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guilty shame: he cover'd, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong  
Herculean Sampson from the harlot-lap  
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd  
O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,  
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got

Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity.  
 Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
 And in our faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence : whence evil store ;  
 Ev'n shame, the last of evils ; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or angel erst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld ? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude like savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable  
 To star or sun-light spread their umbrage broad  
 And brown as evening : cover me, ye pines,  
 Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen :  
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,  
 And girded on our loins, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new comer shame  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsell'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose  
 The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to Indians known  
 In Malabar or Decan spread her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
 High over-arch'd and echoing walks between ;  
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loop-holes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,

And with what skill they had, together sow'd  
 To gird their waist, vain covering if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory! Such of late  
 Columbus found th' American, so girt  
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenc'd and as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest, or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep: nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent;  
 For understanding rul'd not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd  
 Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,  
 Adam, estrang'd in look and altered style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd:

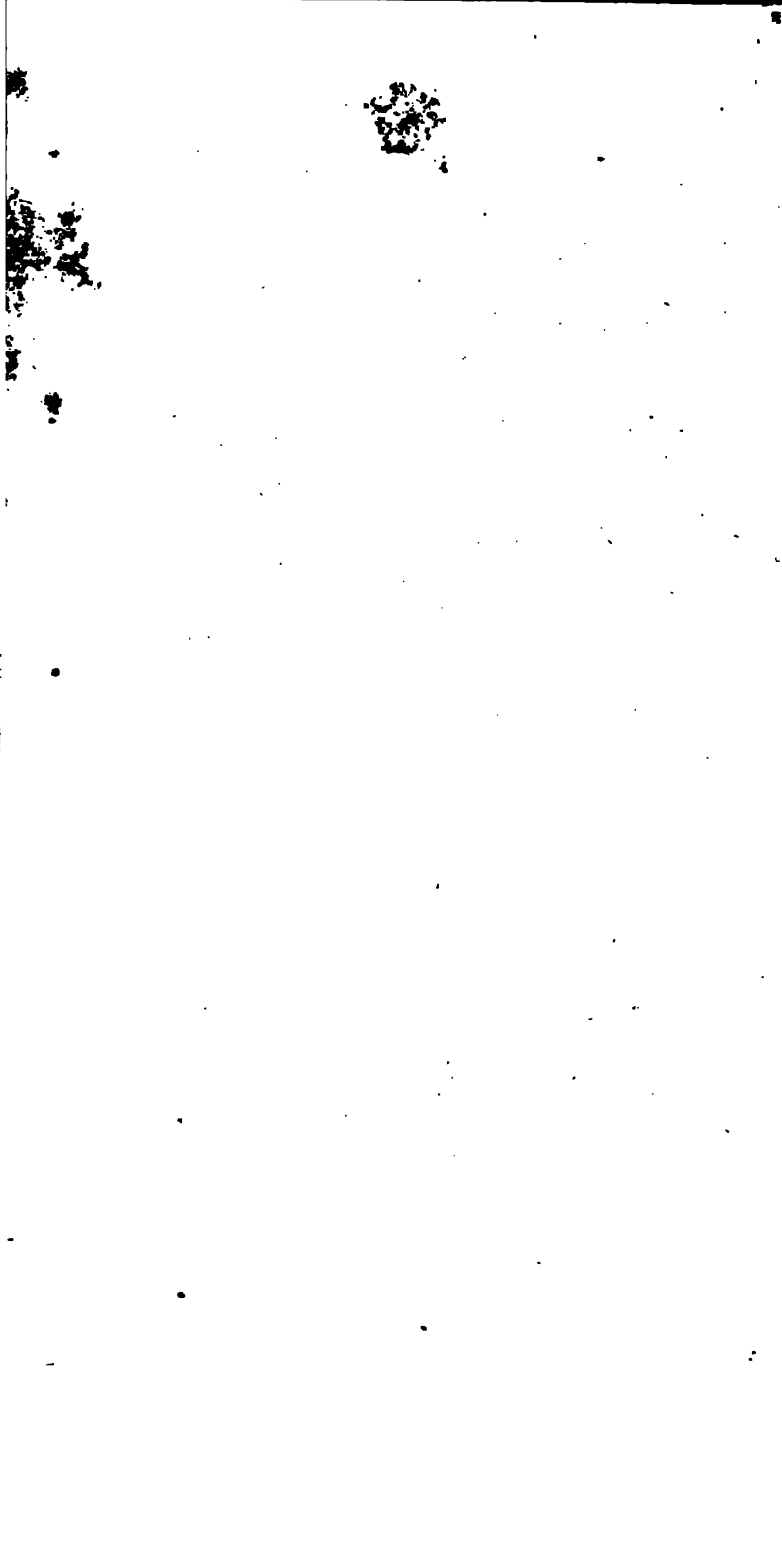
Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words and stay'd  
 With me as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence, possess'd thee; we had then  
 Remain'd still happy, not as now despoil'd  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve  
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve,  
 What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? hadst thou been there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;

No ground of enmity between us known,  
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side ?  
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst ?  
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd :  
Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee !  
And am I now upbraided as the cause  
Of thy transgressing ? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait ; beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial ; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in women overtrusting  
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook,  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning.  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.



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**THE  
TENTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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MAN'S transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends.

Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolves to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man: instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things: but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve: she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

## PARADISE LOST,

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### BOOK X.

**MEANWHILE** the heinous and despiteful act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He in the serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in heav'n ; for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient ? who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of man, with strength entire and free will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remem-  
ber'd

The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd (what could they less ?) the penalty,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste  
The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
From earth, arriv'd at heav'n gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard : dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd

With pity, violated not their bliss.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befel ; they towards the throne supreme,  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd ; when the most high  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud :  
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice :  
Assembled angels, and ye pow'rs return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass.  
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad errand, man should be seduc'd  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker ; no decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fallen he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
On his transgression, death denounc'd that day ?  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end  
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son ? to thee I have transferr'd  
All judgment whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.  
Easy it may be seen that I intend  
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee  
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd  
Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,  
And destin'd man himself to judge man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:

Father eternal, thine is to decree,  
Mine both in heav'n and earth, to do thy will  
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd  
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
When time shall be, for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,  
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying from his radiant seat he rose  
Of high collateral glory: him thrones and powers,  
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant  
Accompanied to heav'n gate, from whence  
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods  
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the sun in western cadence low  
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool  
Came the mild judge and intercessor both  
To sentence man: the voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God

Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud :  
 Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought :  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detain? Come forth!  
 He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though  
 first

To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd :  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief,  
 I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom  
 The gracious judge, without revile reply'd :  
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied :  
 O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my judge, either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint; but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint.  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolv'd: though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.  
 This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no ill  
And what she did, whatever in itself,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;  
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sov'reign Presence thus reply'd :  
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
Hers in real dignity? Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy love, not thy subjection ; and her gifts  
Were such as under government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part  
And person hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few  
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done ?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd :  
The serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer  
The guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation : justly then accurs'd.  
As vitiated in nature ; more to know  
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew)  
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last  
To satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :  
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall :  
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;  
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,  
And dust shall eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the woman, I will put  
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed ;  
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel

So spake this oracle, then verify'd  
 When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n.  
 Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave  
 Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd  
 In open show, and with ascension bright,  
 Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;  
 Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
 And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd :  
 Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
 By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring  
 In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will  
 Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd :  
 Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife  
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which  
 I charg'd thee saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof :  
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow  
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;  
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
 Unbid ; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.  
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
 Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou  
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he man, both judge and saviour sent,  
 And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day  
 Remov'd far off : then pitying how they stood  
 Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume.  
 As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so now,  
 As father of his family he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,

Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid ;  
And thought not much to clothe his enemies ;  
Nor he their outward only with the skins  
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
Arraying cover'd from his Father's sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up return'd.  
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd  
In glory as of old ; to him appeas'd  
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,  
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,  
In counterview within the gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,  
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began :

O son, why sit we here each other veiv'ing  
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives  
In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
For us his offspring dear ? It cannot be  
But that success attends him ; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven  
By his avengers, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on,  
Or sympathy, or some connatural force  
Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kind  
By secretest conveyance Thou my shade  
Inseparable must with me along :  
For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.  
But lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path



Over this main from hell to that new world  
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument  
 Of merit high to all th' infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon :  
 Go whither fate and inclination strong  
 Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savour of death from all things there that live  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle, to a field,  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
 With scent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death the following day, in bloody fight :  
 So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air,  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
 Then both from out hell gates into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew diverse, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)  
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell  
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse,  
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm

As Delos floating once ; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move ;  
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
Deep as the roots of hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death ; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell.  
So if great things to small may be compar'd,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd ;  
And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendant rock,  
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
Of Satan to the self-same place where he  
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
Of this round world : with pins of adamant  
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable ; and now in little space  
The confines met of empyrean heav'n  
And of this world, and on the left hand hell  
With long reach interpos'd ; three several ways  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to earth they had descry'd  
To Paradise first tending, when behold  
Satan in likeness of an angel bright  
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose :  
Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear  
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise  
He after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk  
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting seconded  
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
 By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint;  
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
 And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd,  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:

O parent, these are thy magnificent deeds,  
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;  
 Thou art their author and prime architect:  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
 My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet.  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt  
 Though distant from the worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy son,  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
 Within hell gates till now, thou us impower'd  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay  
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.  
 Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd

With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd  
 Our foil in heav'n ; here thou shalt monarch reign.  
 There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,  
 Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne.

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.  
 Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race  
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
 Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King,)  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
 To my associate pow'rs, them to acquaint  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;  
 There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise and in the air,  
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
 If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell  
 No detriment need fear ; go and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held.  
 Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan

And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down  
The causey to hell gate; on either side  
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gates,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those  
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all  
Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,  
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their emp'ror sent; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.

As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains  
Retires, or Bactrian sophi from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Taurus or Casbeen: so these the late  
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell  
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd  
In show plebian, angel militant  
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
Ascended his high throne, which under state  
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down awhile  
He sat, and round about him saw unseen;  
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall

Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd  
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim;  
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy  
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention won:

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of wo,  
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,  
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heav'n  
Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain  
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride  
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb  
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found  
The new created world, which fame in heav'n  
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
Of absolute perfection, therein man  
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happy; him by fraud I have seduc'd  
From his Creator, and the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
Both his beloved man and all his world,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,

Without our hazard, labour, or alarm.  
To range in, and to dwell. and over man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceiv'd ; that which to me belongs  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;  
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :  
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance : what remains, ye gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss ?

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting  
Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears  
On all sides from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn ; he wonder'd, but not long  
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more ;  
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power  
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd.  
According to his doom ; he would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
Alike, to serpents all as accessories  
To his bold riot : dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion and asp, amphisæna dire,  
Cerastes horn'd, hydras, and elops drear.  
And dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
Be-dropt with blood of gorgon, or the isle  
Ophiusa,) but still greatest he the midst,  
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun

Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain; they all  
Him follow'd issuing forth to the open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime, with expectation when to see  
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief;  
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,  
They felt themselves now changing; down  
arms,

Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There  
stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Us'd by the tempter; on that prospect strange  
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
For one forbidden tree a multitude  
Now ris'n, to work them further wo or shame:  
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce.  
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd.  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit,  
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste



With spattering noise rejected : oft they assay'd.  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writh'd their jaws  
 With soot and cinders fill'd ; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as man  
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they  
 plagu'd

And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
 Yearly enjoin'd some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.  
 However some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant ; behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began :

Second of Satan sprung, all conqu'ring Death,  
 What think'st thou of our empire now, tho' earn'd  
 With travel difficult, no' better far  
 Than still at hell's dark thresho'd to have sat watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd ?

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon :  
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heav'n,  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet ;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd :  
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs  
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,

No homely morsels; and whatever thing  
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd,  
Till I in man residing through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent seat, the Saints among,  
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice:

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me, so doth the prince of hell  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
My hell hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd nigh burst  
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both Sin and Death, and yawning grave at last  
Through Chaos hurl'd obstruct the mouth of hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure  
To sanctity that shall receive no stain;  
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,

Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works ;  
 Who can extenuate thee ? next to the Son,  
 Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom  
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to ages rise,  
 Or down from heav'n descend. Such was their song  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mighty angels gave them several charge,  
 As sorted best with present things. The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might effect the earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects,  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenign ; and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to shower,  
 Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous ; to the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark æreal hall.  
 Some say he bid his angels turn askance  
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle ; they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe : some say the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
 Up to the Tropic Crab ; thence down amain  
 By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime ; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with verdant flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles ; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun

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To recompense his distance, in their sight  
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known  
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow  
From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
The sun as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd  
His course intended; else how had the world  
Inhabited though sinless, more than now,  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,  
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north  
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice  
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,  
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
And Thracias rend the woods and seas upturn;  
With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
Notus and Afer black with thund'rous clouds  
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce  
Forth rush the levant and the ponent winds  
Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,  
Sirocco and Libbecchio. Thus began  
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first  
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:  
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,  
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without  
The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
'To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:  
O miserable of happy! is this the end  
Of this new glorious world, and me so late

The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
 The misery: I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply,*  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration; so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
 On me as on their natural centre light  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man, did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? as my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I receiv'd unable to perform  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd  
 Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son

Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But natural necessity begot.  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.  
O' welcome hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his decree  
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my mother's lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
To me and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt,  
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man  
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But shall I die a living death; O thought  
Horrid, if true! yet why? It was but breath  
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
And sin? the body properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die: let this appease  
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?  
Can he make deathless death? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself

Impossible is held, as argument  
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour  
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend  
 His sentence beyonc dust and nature's law,  
 By which all causes else according still  
 To the reception of their matter act,  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity; ay me, that fear  
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head: both death and I  
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I on my part single, in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited how would ye bless  
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 in sight of God? Him after all disputes  
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou sup-  
 port  
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st

And what thou fear'st alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me ; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd !

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror : on the ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not death.  
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me ? shall truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just ?  
 But death comes not at call, justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd :  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd :

Out of my sight, thou serpent ; that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false  
 And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour serpentine may show  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth ; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
 To hellish falsehood,\* snare them. But for thee

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\* " Pretended to hellish falsehood ;" pretended is used in the Latin sense of held before.



I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting,  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults.  
And understood not all was but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men as angels without feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more than shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse, or if she love, withheld  
By parents: or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound.  
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet

Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heav'n  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress.  
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee.  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou  
Against God only, I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune heav'n, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this wo,  
Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creatures so fair his reconciliation seeking  
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou know'st not who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself; alas,  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain

His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet east part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
 To me committed and by me expos'd.  
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of love, how we may lighten  
 Each other's burden, in our share of wo ;  
 Since this day's death denounc'd if ought I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,  
 A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
 And to our seed (O hapless seed !) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd :  
 Adam, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can find,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless,  
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain wo, devour'd  
 By death at last ; and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery.  
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
 Into this cursed world a woful race,  
 That after wretched life must be at last  
 Food for so foul a monster ; in thy power  
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art, childless remain : so Death

Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we dread :  
Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves ;  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That show no end but death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy ?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
But Adam with such counsel nothing way'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns ;  
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life, and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounc'd doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
To be forestall'd ; much more I fear lest death  
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain  
We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live ; then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks,  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, That thy seed shall bruise  
The serpent's head; pitious amends, unless  
He meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit; to crush his head  
Woul' be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
Resolv'd as thou proposest: so our foe  
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only  
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd,  
Without wrath or reviling; we expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee  
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,  
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse:  
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands  
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow  
Which now the sky with various face begins  
To show us in this mountain, while the winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these far spreading trees; which bids us seek

Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds  
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock  
 Tine the slant lightning,\* whose thwart flame driv'a  
 down

Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun : such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?  
 So spake our father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse ; they forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd with tears

\* *Tine* the slant lightning : an old word for *kindle*.

Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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THE  
ELEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them; but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things; Michael's coming down.— Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK XL.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above,  
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory: yet their port  
Not of mean suitors, nor important less  
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To heav'n their prayers  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
By their great intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began:

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs  
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,

Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication, hear his sighs though mute ;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me his advocate  
 And propitiation ; all his works on me  
 Good or not good ingraft, my merit those  
 Shall perfect, and for those my death shall pay,  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind ; let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse.)  
 To better life shall yield him where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene :  
 All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain ; all thy request was my decree :  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The law I gave to nature him forbids :  
 Those pure immortal elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him, endow'd with happiness  
 And immortality : that fondly lost,  
 This other serv'd but to eternize wo ;  
 Till I provided death ; so death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after life  
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
 Wak'd in the renovation of the just,

Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to synod all the blest  
 Through heav'n's wide bounds ; from them I will not  
 hide

My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright minister that watch'd ; he blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since, perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions : from their blissful bowers  
 Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats ; till from his throne supreme  
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will :

O sons, like one of us man is become  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got,  
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
 My motions in him ; longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,  
 Take to thee from among the cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise .

Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair  
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce  
 To them and to their progeny from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
 For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life:  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude  
 He ceas'd; and th' archangelic pow'r prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful cherubim: four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse.  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile  
 To re-salute the world with sacred light  
 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd  
 The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:  
 Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from heav'n descends;

But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n  
So prevalent as to concern the mind  
Of God, high-blest, or to incline his will,  
Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,  
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought  
By pray'r th' offended Deity, t' appease,  
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart,  
Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew  
That I was heard with favour ; peace return'd  
Home to my breast, and to my memory  
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe :  
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
Eve rightly call'd mother of all mankind,  
Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek :  
Ill worthy I such title should belong  
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd  
A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise :  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
The source of life ; next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
Far other name deserving. But the field  
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
Though after sleepless night ; for see the morn,  
All unconcerned with our unrest, begins  
Her rosy progress smiling ; let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
Laborious, till day droop ; while here we dwell,  
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?  
Here let us live though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much humbled Eve, but fate  
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, ~~off~~, air suddenly eclipse'd  
 After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chace  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake:

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh.  
 Which heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows,  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death releas'd  
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life.  
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more?  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright  
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
 One man, assassin like, had levied war,

War unproclaim'd. The princely hierach  
 In their bright stand there left his pow'rs to seize  
 Possession of the garden; he alone,  
 To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,  
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake :

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observ'd; for I descry  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hills,  
 One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait  
 None of the meanest, some great potentate,  
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty  
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not t' offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,  
 In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side  
 As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state  
 Inclim'd not, but his coming thus declar'd :

Adam, heav'n's high behest no preface needs  
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seizure, many days  
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent,  
 And one bad act, with many deeds well done,  
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appear'd,  
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;



But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild  
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this, from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:  
Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem.

Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us ; what besides  
 Of sorrow and dejection, and despair  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate,  
 For knowing us nor known : and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries :  
 But pray'r against his absolute decree,  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance ; here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'o  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd ;  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers :  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or foot-step trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I now  
 Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign :  
 Adam, thou know'st heav'n his, and all the earth.  
 Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills

Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual pow'r, and warm'd :  
All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd,  
Of Paradise or Eden ; this had been  
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had hither come  
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee their great progenitor.  
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
God is as here, and will be found alike  
Present, and of his presence many a sign  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal love, his face  
Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd  
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To show thee what shall come in future days  
To thee and to thy offspring ; good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow, equally inur'd  
By moderation either state to bear,  
Prosperous or adverse ; so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes Ascend  
This hill ; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)  
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st ;  
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.  
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd :  
Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit  
However chast'ning, to the evil turn  
My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won.

If so I may attain. So both ascend  
In the visions of God: it was a hill  
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.  
Not higher that hill nor wider looking round.  
Whereon for different cause the tempter set  
Our second Adam in the wilderness,  
To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory  
His eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern fame, the seat  
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls  
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne.  
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence  
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul  
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
In Hispahan, or where the Russian czar  
In Moscow, or the sultan in Bizance,  
'Furchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port  
Ercocco, and the less maratime kings,  
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm  
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,  
Morocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
The world; in spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezuma,  
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights  
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,  
Which that false fruit, that promis'd clearer sight  
Had bred: then purg'd with euphrasy and rue

The visual nerve, for he had much to see ;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam now enforc'd to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranc'd ;  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd :

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds .  
 I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy sord ; thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf  
 Uncull'd as came to hand ; a shepherd next  
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock:  
 Choicest and best ; then sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.  
 His offering soon propitious fire from heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful stream ;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere ;  
 Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cry'd :

O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd :  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ?

' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd reply'd :  
 se two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 of thy loins ; th' unjust the just hath slain.  
 envy that his brother's offering found  
 n heav'n, acceptance ; but the bloody fact  
 l be aveng'd, and the other's faith approv'd  
 ; no rewards ; though here thou see him die,  
 ing in dust and gore. To which our sire :  
 las ! both for the deed, and for the cause !  
 have I now seen Death ? Is this the way  
 ist return to native dust ? O sight  
 error, foul and ugly to behold,  
 rid to think, how horrible to feel !  
 o whom thus Michael : Death thou hast seen  
 is first shape on man ; but many shapes  
 Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense  
 e terrible at th' entrance than within.  
 ie as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 fire, flood, famine ; by intemp'rance more  
 eats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 ases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 ore thee shall appear ; that thou mayst know  
 at misery th' inabstinence of Eve  
 ll bring on men. Immediately a place  
 re his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
 ar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 bers of all diseas'd, all maladies,  
 hastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms,  
 eart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 vulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 stine stone and ulcer, colick-pangs,  
 oniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
 moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 asmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 psies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheumis.  
 was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair  
 ded the sick, busiest from couch to couch :  
 over them triumphant Death his dart

Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born: compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd:

O miserable mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd?  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 Th' image of God in man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,  
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return :  
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature :  
 This is old age : but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will  
 change

To wither'd, weak and grey : thy senses then  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor :

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michael reply'd :  
 Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st  
 Live well, how long or short permit to heav'n :  
 And now prepare thee for another sight.

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue ; by some were herds  
 Of cattle grazing : others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who mov'd  
 Their stops and chords was seen ; his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions low and high,  
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one who at the forge  
 Lab'ring two massy clods of iron and brass  
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain, or in vale,



Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
 To some chano's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
 From under ground,) the liquid ore he drain'd  
 Into fit moulds prepar'd ; from which he form'd  
 First his own tools ; then, what might else be wrought  
 Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat.  
 Down to the plain descending : by their guise  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
 Freedom and peace to men ; they on the plain  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
 In gems and wanton dress ; to th' harp they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on ;  
 The men though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net  
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose ;  
 And now of love they treat, till th' evning star.  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd ; then all in heat  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd :  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,  
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart,  
 Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,  
 The bent of nature ; which he thus express'd :  
     True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past :  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse.  
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.  
     To whom thus Michael : Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
 Holy and pure conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
Who slew his brother ; studious they appear  
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none ;  
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;  
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise ;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious tited them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy.  
Ere long to swim at large ; and laugh, for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft :  
O pity and shame, that they who to live well  
Enter'd so fair should turn aside to tread,  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint !  
But still I see the tenor of man's wo  
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said the angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.  
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,  
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise ;  
Part weild their arms, part curb the foaming steed  
Single, or in array of battle rang'd  
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood

One way a band select from forage drives  
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine  
 From a fat meadow ground ; or fleecy flock,  
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
 Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray :  
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;  
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
 With carcasses and arms th' ensanguin'd field  
 Deserted : others to a city strong  
 Lay siege, encamp'd ; by battery, scale, and mine,  
 Assaulting ; others from the wall defend  
 With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part the sceptred heralds call  
 To council in the city gates : anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,  
 And judgment from above : him old and young  
 Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng : so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad : O what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother ; for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men ?  
 But who was that just man, whom had not heav'n  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?  
 To whom thus Michael : These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ;

Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves

Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mix'd,  
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
Such were these giants, men of high renown ;  
For in those days might only shall be admir'd,  
And valour and heroic virtue call'd ;  
To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory, and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be stil'd great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.  
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldest  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his saints : him the most  
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death ; to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment ;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd,<sup>1</sup>  
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar  
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as besel,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allur'd them ; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend sire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testify'd against their ways ; he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,

Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison under judgments imminent :  
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off ;  
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vesse! of huge bulk,  
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height.  
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in, large  
For man and beast : when lo a wonder strange !  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small  
Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught .  
Their order : last the sire, and his three sons  
With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove  
From under heav'n ; the hills to their supply  
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain ; and now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
No more was seen ; the floating vessel swum  
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,  
Sea without shore ; and in their palaces  
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd  
And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.  
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, and so sad  
Depopulation ! thee another flood,  
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd  
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last.  
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns

His children, all in view destroy'd at once :  
And scarce to th' angel utter'dst thus thy plaint :  
    O visions ill foreseen ! better had I  
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
My part of evil only, each day's lot  
Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispens'd  
The burden of many ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his children ; evil he may be sure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent.  
And he the future evil shall no less  
In apprehension than in substance feel  
Grievous to bear : but that care now is past,  
Man is not whom to warn : those few escap'd  
Famine and anguish will at last consume  
Wand'ring that wat'ry desert : I had hope  
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,  
All would have then gone well, peace would have  
    crown'd  
With length of happy days the race of man ;  
But I was far deceiv'd ; for now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial guide,  
And whether here the race of man will end.  
    To whom thus Michael : Those whom last 'hou  
    saw'st  
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;  
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste  
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth.  
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
The conquered also, and enslav'd by war

Shal' with their freedom lost, all virtue lose  
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd  
In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
Against invaders ; therefore cool'd in zeal,  
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy ; for th' earth shall bear  
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd ;  
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot ;  
One man except, the only son of light .  
In a dark age, against example good,  
Against allurements, custom, and a world  
Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more use,  
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
On their impenitence ; and shall return  
Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
The one just man alive ; by his command  
Shall build a wond'rous ark, as thou beheld'st  
To save himself and household from amidst  
A world devote to universal wrack  
No sooner he with them of man and beast  
Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
Of heav'n set open, on the earth shall pour  
Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep  
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundations rise  
Above the highest hills : then shall this mount  
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift.  
Down the great river to the opening gulf.  
And there take root an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang :  
To teach thee that God attributes to place

No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold!


He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
Driv'n by a keen north wind, that blowing dry  
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass  
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew  
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stop't  
His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.  
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground  
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear:  
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive  
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
And after him, the surer messenger,  
A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
The ancient sire descends with all his train:  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds  
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad  
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent  
As present, heav'nly instructor, I revive  
At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live  
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
Far less I now lament for one whole world  
Of wicked ones destroy'd, than I rejoice



For one man found so perfect and so just,  
That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heav'n  
Distended as the brow of God appears'd?  
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,  
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth?

T' whom th' archangel: Dext'rously thou aim'st,  
So willingly doth God remit his ire,  
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd  
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight.  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world  
With man therein, or beast; but when he brings  
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his covenant; day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new  
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.



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**THE**  
**TWELFTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**PARADISE LOST.**

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## THE ARGUMENT

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THE angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind, and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim, taking their stations to guard the place.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK XII.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed : so here the archangel paus'd  
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restor'd.  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes  
Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end  
And man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine  
Must needs impair, and weary human sense :  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine and oil ; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings pour'd and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes  
Under paternal rule : till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content

With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game,)  
With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :  
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
Before the Lord, as in despite of heav'n,  
Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty ;  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell :  
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n  
And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd  
In foreign lands their memory be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
Obstruct heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets  
Upon their tongues a various spirit to raze  
Quite out their native language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown :  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the builders ; each to other calls  
Not undersood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mock'd they storm ; great laughter was in heav'n  
And looking down to see the hubbub strange,  
And hear the din ; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd  
O execrable son so to aspire

Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
Authority usurp'd, from God not given :  
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
Dominion absolute, that right we hold  
By his donation ; but man over men  
He made not lord ; such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free.  
But this usurper his encroachment proud  
Stays not on man ; to God his tow'r intends  
Siege and defiance : wretched man ! what food  
Will he convey up thither to sustain  
Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?

To whom thus Michael : Justly thou abhorr'st  
That son, who on the quiet state of men  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational liberty ; yet know withal,  
Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being :  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart passions catch the government  
From reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits  
Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign  
Over free reason, God in judgment just  
Subjects him from without to violent lords ;  
Who oft as undeservedly intral  
His outward freedom ; tyranny must be,  
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd  
Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
Their inward lost ; witness th' irreverent son  
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame  
Done to his father heard this heavy curse,

*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes: resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring;  
**Nim** on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol worship; O that men  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown.  
 While yet the patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For gods! yet him God the most high vouchsafes  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will show him, and from him wil. raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil  
 Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford  
 To Haran, after him a cumberous train  
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain  
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the desert south,  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)  
 From Hermon east to the great western sea ●  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea each place behold

In prospect, as I point them : on the shore  
Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream  
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed ; by that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a granchild leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown ;  
The granchild with twelve sons increas'd departs  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;  
See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths  
Into the sea : to sojourn in that land  
He comes invited by a younger son  
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron,) sent them from God to claim  
His people from enthrallment, they return  
With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.  
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire .  
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;  
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;  
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss.  
And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,



Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th Egyptian sky,  
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days:  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
'The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:  
Such wondrous pow'r God to his saint will lend,  
Though present in his angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch:  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud,  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war: the race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life

To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness; there they shall found  
Their government, and their great senate choose  
Through the twelve tribes to rule by laws ordain'd  
God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,  
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain  
To civil justice, part religious rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them by types  
And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise  
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants what they besought.  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without mediator, whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
And all the prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal men to dwell;  
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant; over these  
A mercy seat of Gold between the wings  
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn  
Sev'n lamps as in a zodiac representing  
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey, and at length they come  
Conducted by his angel to the land

Promis'd to Abraham and his seed : the rest  
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
 How many kings destroy'd and kingdoms won,  
 Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand.  
 And thou moon in the vale of Ajalon,  
 Till Israel overcome ; so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd : O sent from heav'n,  
 Enlight'ner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find  
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd.  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
 Of me and all mankind ; but now I see  
 His day, In whom all nations shall be blest.  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,  
 So many and so various laws are given ;  
 So many laws argues so many sins  
 Among them ; how can God with such reside ?

To whom thus Michael : Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;  
 And therefore was law given them to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight : that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but now remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man.  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor man the mortal part

Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
So law appears imperfect, and but given  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd  
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
From imposition of strict laws to free  
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear  
To filial, works of law to works of faith.  
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
Highly belov'd, being but the minister  
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;  
But Joshua whom the gentiles Jesus call,  
His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversary serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long wandered  
Safe to eternal paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt their public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies ;  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom  
The second, both for piety renown'd  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
Of David (so I name this king,) shall rise  
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.  
But first a long succession must ensue,  
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd  
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
Such follow him, as shall be register'd  
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll.  
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults

Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back.  
 Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, stablish'd as the days of heav'n.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
 They first re-edify, and for awhile  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow :  
 But first among the priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself ; at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed king Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star  
 Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come.  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The pow'r of the most High ; he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns  
 He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd  
 O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand

What oft my steadiest tho'ts have search'd in vain ;  
Why our great expectation should be call'd  
The seed of woman : virgin mother, hail,  
High in the love of heav'n, yet from my loins  
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
Of God most High ; so God with man unites.  
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
Expect with mortal pain : say where and when  
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael : Dream not of their fight,  
As of a duel, or the local wounds  
Of head or heel ; not therefore joins the Son  
Manhood to godhead, with more strength to foil  
Thy enemy : nor so is overcome  
Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound ;  
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,  
Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee and in thy seed ; nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd  
On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
The penalty of thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow :  
So only can high justice rest appaid.  
The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfil the law : thy punishment  
He shall endure by coming in the flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits  
To save them not their own, though legal works  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd  
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross  
By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,

The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction : so he dies,  
But soon revives ; death over him no power  
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works : this godlike act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have dy'd  
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
Defeating sin and death his two main arms,  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
Than temp'ral death, shall bruise the victor's heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep.  
A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay,  
Longer on earth than certain times t' appear  
To his disciples, men who in his life  
Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd.  
And his salvation, them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profuent streath, the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
For death like that which the Redeemer dy'd.  
All nations they shall teach ; for from that day  
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world ;  
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.  
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the air  
Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise  
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains

Through all his realm, and there confounded leave ;  
Then enter into glory, and resume  
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in heav'n ; and thence shall come,  
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and pow'r to judge both quick and dead,  
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
Whether in heav'n or earth, for then the earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake th' archangel Michael, then paus'd,  
As at the world's great period ; and our sire  
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd :

O goodness infinite, goodness immense !  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good ; more wonderful  
Than that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness ! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring  
To God more glory, more good will to men  
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth ? who then shall guide  
His people, who defend ? will they not deal  
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?

Be sure they will, said th' angel : but from heav'n  
He to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write  
To guide them in all truth, and also arm  
With spiritual armour, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What man can do against them, not afraid,



Though to the death, against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompens'd,  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecuters: for the Spirit  
 Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelize the nations, then on all  
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each nation to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from heav'n; at length  
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
 Their doctrine and their story written left,  
 They die; but in their room as they forewarn,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn,  
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek t' avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The spirit of God, promis'd alike, and giv'n  
 To all believers; and from that pretence,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force  
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
 Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind  
 His consort liberty? what, but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith not another's? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard?  
 Infallible, yet many will presume:  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere

Of spirit and truth ; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfy'd : truth shall retire  
Bestuck with sland'rous darts, and works of faith  
Rarely be found : so shall the world go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
Appear of respiration to the just,  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,  
To woman's Seed obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier, known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
New heav'ns, new earth ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended ; and thus Adam last reply'd :  
How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,  
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time  
Till time stand fix'd ? beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
Subverting wordly strong, and wordly wise  
By simply meek : that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,  
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life ;

Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

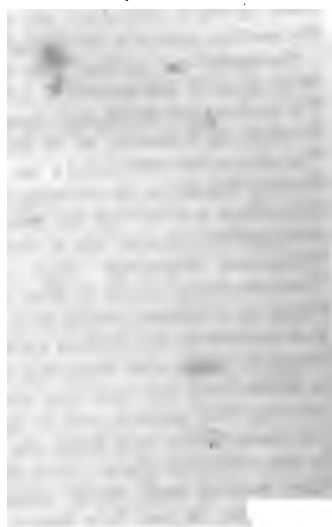
To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd :  
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum  
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,  
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
And all the rule, one empire ; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath  
'To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier far.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence ; and see ! the guards,  
By me encamp'd in yonder hill, expect  
'Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
We may no longer stay : go waken Eve ;  
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission : thou at season fit  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know.  
The great deliverance by her seed to come,  
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind :  
That ye may live, which will be many days,  
Both in one faith unanimous though sad,  
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill ;  
Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve  
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd ;  
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd :

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I kr . .

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise.  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep; but now lead on;  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou.  
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' arch-angel stood, and from the other hill  
To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
The cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding metorous, as evening mist  
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel  
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,  
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Lybian air adust,  
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat  
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught  
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.  
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
Of paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:  
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow  
Through Eden took their solitary way.



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## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK I.

I who erewhile the happy garden sung,  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,  
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field,  
Against the spiritua! foe, and brought him thence  
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute.  
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds  
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age,  
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung!

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
Repentance, and heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptiz'd: to this great baptism flock'd  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd,  
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,  
Unmark'd. unknown; but him the Baptist soon



Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
 To him his heavenly office ; nor was long  
 His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptiz'd  
 Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove  
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From heaven pronounc'd him his beloved Son.  
 That heard the adversary, who roving still  
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
 W-uld not be last, and with the voice divine  
 Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom  
 Such high attest was given, awhile survey'd  
 With wonder ; then, with envy fraught and rage.  
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid-air  
 To council summons all his mighty peers,  
 Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
 A gloomy consistory ; and them amidst  
 With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake :

O ancient powers of air and this wide world,  
 For much more willingly I mention air,  
 'This our old conquest, than remember hell,  
 Our hated habitation ; well ye know  
 How many ages, as the years of men,  
 This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd  
 In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,  
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me, though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
 Upon my head : long the decrees of heaven  
 Delay, for longest time to him is short :  
 And now too soon for us the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,  
 At least if so we can, and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infring'd, our freedom and our being  
 In this fair empire won of earth and air ;  
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's Seed

Destin'd to this, is late of woman born :  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
All virtue, grace, and wisdom, to achieve  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear,  
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
Purified, to receive him pure ; or rather  
To do him honour as their king : all come,  
And he himself among them was baptiz'd ;  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising  
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her chrystal doors, thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,  
And out of heaven the Sov'reign voice I heard,  
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.  
His mother then is mortal, but his sire  
He who obtains the monarchy of heaven.  
And what will he not do t' advance his Son ?  
His first-begot we know and sore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep ;  
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,  
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares  
Ere in the head of nations he appear  
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.  
I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd  
Successfully ; a calmer voyage now

Will wait me: and the way found prosp'rous once.  
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
Unanimous they all commit the care  
And management of this main enterprise  
To him their great dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light  
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods  
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, guided with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd.  
This Man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation, and all guile, on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd:  
But contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd  
The purpos'd counsel, pre-ordain'd and fix'd  
Of the Most high, who in full frequence bright  
Of angels, thus to Gabriel, smiling, spake:

Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
Thou and all angels conversant on earth  
With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
To verify that solemn message late,  
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
In Galilee, that she should bear a Son  
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
Then told'st her doubting how these things could be  
To her a virgin, that on her should come  
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
O'er-shadow her; this Man born, and now upgrown  
To show him worthy of his birth divine  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose

To Satan ; let him tempt and now assay  
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his apostacy, he might have learnt  
Less overweening since he fail'd in Job.  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
What'er his cruel malice could invent,  
He now shall know I can produce a Man  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell.  
Winning by conquest what the first man lost,  
By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the wilderness ;  
There shall he first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes  
By humiliation and strong sufferance ;  
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;  
That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
They now, and men hereafter, may discern  
From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son.  
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all heaven  
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd,  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument :

Vict'ry and triumph to the Son of God,  
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.  
The Father knows the Son ; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce.  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,  
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in heaven their odes and vigils tun'd;  
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
 Lodg'd in Bethabara, where John baptiz'd,  
 Musing and much revolving in his breast,  
 How best the mighty work he might begin  
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
 Publish his godlike office now mature,  
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,  
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
 With Solitude, till far from track of men,  
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,  
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round.  
 His holy meditations thus pursu'd :

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
 What from within I feel myself, and hear  
 What from without comes often to my ears,  
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd !  
 When I was yet a child, no childish play  
 To me was pleasing : all my mind was bent  
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
 What might be public good : myself I thought  
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
 All righteous things : therefore above my years,  
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge, or their own,  
 And was admir'd by all : yet this not all  
 To which my spirit aspir'd : victorious deeds  
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,  
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd :

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first,  
By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,  
And make Persuasion do the work of Fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring soul  
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware  
Mialed; the stubborn only to subdue.  
These growing thoughts, my mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,  
And said to me apart,—' High are thy thoughts,  
O-Son, but nourish them, and let them soar  
To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
Thy Father is th' eternal King, who rules  
All heaven and earth, angels and sons of men.  
A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold  
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity a glorious choir  
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,  
For in the inn was left no better room;  
A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
Guided the wise men thither from the east,  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star new graven in heaven,  
By which they knew the King of Israel born.  
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'—  
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd

The law and prophets, searching what was writ  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard essay, ev'n to the death,  
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft have heard,  
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare,  
 I, as all others to his baptism came,  
 Which I believ'd was from above: but he  
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him, (for it was shown him so from heaven.)  
 Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first  
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
 But as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove.  
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice  
 Audibly heard from heaven, pronounc'd me his  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 Th' authority which I deriv'd from heaven.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness; to what intent  
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.  
 So spoke our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
 And, looking round on every side, beheld  
 A pathless desert dusk with horrid shades  
 The way he came not having mark'd return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod,

And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,  
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild beasts; they at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.  
 But now an aged man, in rural weeds,  
 Following, as seem'd the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him, wet return'd from field at eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spoke:

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan? for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropp'd not here  
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought.  
 I ask thee rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late  
 Our new baptising Prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
 Of God, I saw and heard; for we sometimes,  
 Who dwell this wild; constrain'd by want come forth  
 To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)  
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear.  
 What happens new: Fame also finds us out."  
 To whom the Son of God: Who brought me hither,  
 Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

By miracle he may, replied the swain;



What other way I see not; for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born;  
 But if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,  
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended, and the Son of God replied:  
 Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not writton  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna? In the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;  
 And forty days Elijah without food  
 Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' archfiend, now undis-  
 guis'd:

'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate,  
 Who, leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
 Or range in th' air; nor from the heaven of heavens  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the Sons of God when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzæan Job,  
 To prove him and illustrate his high worth;  
 And when to all his angels he propos'd  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud.  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring.  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies.

To his destruction, as I had in charge;  
For what he bids I do; though I have lost  
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost  
To love, at least contemplate and admire  
What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.  
What can be then less in me than desire  
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attest  
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?  
Men generally think me much a foe  
To all mankind; why should I? They to me  
Never did wrong or violence: by them  
I lost not what I lost; rather by them  
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
Copartner in these regions of the world,  
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
Oft my advice, by presages and signs,  
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,  
Whereby they may direct their future life.  
Envy they say excites me thus to gain  
Companions of my misery and wo.  
At first it may be; but long since with wo  
Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:  
This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that man  
Man fallen shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.  
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies  
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
Who boasts release from hell, and leave to come  
Into the heaven of heavens: thou com'st indeed  
As a poor miserable captive-thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,  
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd unpitied, shunn'd.

A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
To all the host of heaven ; the happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy  
Rather inflames thy torment representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
So never more in hell than when in heaven.  
But thou art serviceable to heaven's King.  
Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?  
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
With all inflictions ? but his patience won.  
The other service was thy chosen task  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'st to truth ; all oracles  
By thee are given, and what confess'd more true  
Among the nations ? that hath been thy craft,  
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
But what have been thy answers, what but dark.  
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding ;  
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
And not well understood as good not known ?  
Whoever by consulting at thy shrine  
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?  
For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions : justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous : but when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his providence  
To thee not known. whence hast thou then thy truth  
But from him. or his angels president  
In every province ? who themselves disdaining  
T' approach thy temples. give thee in command  
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say  
To thy adorers ; thou, with trembling fear.  
Or, like a fawning parasite obey'st ;  
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.

But this glory shall be soon retrench'd ;  
No more shalt thou by oracle abuse  
The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,  
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or else where ;  
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
God hath now sent his Living Oracle  
Into the world to teach his final will,  
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour ; but the subtle fiend,  
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned :

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will,  
But misery, hath wrested from me ; where  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth ;  
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?  
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord ;  
From thee I can and must submiss endure  
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk :  
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear  
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song ;  
What wonder then if I delight to hear  
Her dictates from thy mouth ? Most men admire  
Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me  
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)  
And talk at least, though I despair t' attain.  
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying, or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice  
To Baalam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspir'd : disdain not such access to me

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd bow :  
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope  
I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st  
Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan, bowing low  
His grey dissimulation, disappeared  
Into thin air diffus'd : for now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double shade  
The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couched  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to  
roam.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK II.

**MEANWHILE** the new baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
Jesus, Messiah, Son of God declar'd ;  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, (I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others, though in noy writ not nam'd,)  
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt :  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
Moses was in the mount, and missing long ;  
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come.  
Therefore as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara ; in Jericho,  
The city of Palms, Ænon and Salem old,  
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Perea ; but returned in vain.  
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,

Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play.  
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd :

Alas from what high hope to what relapse  
 Unlook'd for are we fallen ? our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our fathers ; we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom, full of grace and truth  
 Now, now, for sure deliverance is at hand,  
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored :  
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze :  
 For whither is he gone, what accident  
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come,  
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress  
 Thy chosen, to what heights their power unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee : arise and vindicate  
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.  
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath performed,  
 Sent his anointed, and to us revealed him,  
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have convers'd ;  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his providence ; he will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal,  
 Mock us with his bless'd sight, then snatch him  
 hence :

Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :  
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
 Others return'd from baptism not her son,  
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
 Within her breast tho' calm, her breast tho' pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus  
clad :—

O what avails me now that honour high  
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,  
Hail highly favour'd among women bless'd !  
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,  
And fears as eminent, above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore :  
In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,  
A manger his ; yet soon enforc'd to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem :  
From Egypt home return'd ; in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life  
Private. unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king ; but now  
Full grown to man acknowledg'd as I hear,  
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice ;  
I look'd for some great change : to honour ? no,  
But trouble ; as old Simeon plain foretold,  
That to the fall and rising he should be  
Of many in Israel and to a sign  
Spoken against, that through my very soul  
A sword shall pierce. This is my favour'd lot,  
My exaltation to afflictions high :  
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and bless'd :  
I will not argue that, nor will repine :  
But where delays he now ? some great intent  
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,  
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
He could not lose himself ; but went about  
His Father's business ; what he meant I mus'd,  
Since understand ; much more his absence now,  
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.



But I to wait with patience am inur'd :  
My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling :  
'The while her Son tracing the desert wild ;  
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,  
Into himself descended, and at once  
All his great work to come before him set ;  
How to begin, how to accomplish best  
His end of being on earth, and mission high :  
For Satan with sly preface to return  
Had left him vacant and with speed was gone  
Up to the middle region of thick air,  
Where all his potentates in council sat ;  
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
Solicitious and blank, he thus began :

Princes, heaven's ancient sons, ethereal thrones  
Demonic spirits now, from th' element  
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd  
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,  
So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
Without new trouble ; such an enemy  
Is risen to invade us, who no less  
Threatens than our expulsion down to hell :  
I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
Consenting in full frequency was impower'd,  
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
Far other labour to be undergone  
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
However to this man inferior far,  
If he be man by mother's side at least,  
With more than human gifts from heaven adorn'd  
Perfections absolute, graces divine  
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds :  
Therefore I am returned, lest confidence

Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
Of like succeeding here ; I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
Or counsel to assist ; lest I, who erst  
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.  
So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all  
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid  
At his command ; when from amidst them rose  
Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,  
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai  
The fleshliest incubus, and thus advis'd :  
Set women in his eye and in his walk  
Among daughters of men the fairest found :  
Many are in each region passing fair  
As the noon sky ; more like to goddesses  
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet  
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,  
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
Such objects hath the power to soften and tame  
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At will the manliest, resolute breast,  
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.  
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart  
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.  $\lambda$   
To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd  
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself : because of old  
Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring  
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
None are, thou think'st but taken with such toys.  
Before the flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,  
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,

Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
 Have not we seen, or by relation heard,  
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st  
 In wood, or grove, by mossy fountain side :  
 In valley, or green meadow, to way-lay  
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
 Or Amynone, Syrinx, many more  
 Too long, then lay'st thy 'scapes on names ador'd,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan ? But these haunts  
 Delight not all ; among the sons of men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent ?  
 Remember that Pellean conquerer.  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east  
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd  
 How he surnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd  
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.  
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full  
 Of honour, wealth high fare, aim'd not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state ;  
 Thence to the bait of woman lay expos'd :  
 But he whom we attempt, is wiser far  
 Than Solomom, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment  
 Of greatest things : what woman will you find,  
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
 Of fond desire ? or should she confident,  
 As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,  
 How would one look from his majestic brow  
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,  
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout

All her array ; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe ? For beauty stands  
 In th' admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd :  
 Therefore, with manlier objects we must try  
 His constancy, with such as have more show  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise ;  
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd ;  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond :  
 And now I know he hungers where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :  
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim  
 Then forthwith to him takes a-chosen band  
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part ;  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight ;  
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God  
 After forty days fasting, had remain'd,  
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said :

Where will this end ? Four times ten days I've  
 pass'd

Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite ; that fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here ; if nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain ; so it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,

And from the sting of famine, fear no harm  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
Me, hung'ring more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down  
Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,  
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet;  
Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they  
brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper; then how awak'd  
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark  
Left his ground nest, high tow'ring to descry  
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd:  
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw;  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud.  
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
That open'd in the midst a woody scene:

Nature's own work it seem'd, (nature taught art;) And to a superstitious eye the haunt Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs : he view'd it roud, When suddenly a man before him stood, Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad, As one in city, or court, or palace bred : And with fair speech these words to him address'd :

With granted leave officious I return, But much more wonder that the Son of God In this wild solitude so long should bide Of all things destitute, and well I know Not without hunger. Others of some note As story tells, have trod this wilderness ; The fugitive bond-woman with her son, Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief By a providing angel ; all the race Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God Rain'd from heaven manna ; and that prophet bold, Native of Thebez, wand'ring here was fed Twice by a voice inviting him to eat : Of thee these forty days none hath regard, Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus : what conclud'st thou hence ? They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then ? Satan replied : Tell me if food were now before thee set Wouldst thou not eat ? Thereafter as I like The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should the Cause thy refusal ? said the subtle fiend. Hast thou not right to all created things ? Owe not all creatures by just right to thee Duty and service, not to stay till bid, But tender all their power ? Nor mention I Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ; Nor proffer'd by an enemy ; though who Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold Nature asham'd, or better to express, Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd

From all the elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.  
 He spake no dream ; for as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld  
 In ample space, under the broadest shade,  
 A table richly spread in regal mode,  
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour, beasts of chace, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Gris-amber-steam'd ; all fish from sea or shore,  
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas ! how simple, to these cates compar'd.  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !  
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine,  
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymede or Hylas ; distant more  
 Under the trees, now tripp'd, now solemn stood.  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of fairy damsels met in forests wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore :  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chyming strings, or charming pipes, and winds  
 Of gentlest gales Arabian odours fann'd  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells  
 Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renew'd :  
 What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?  
 These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure ;  
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,

Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs.  
Thy gentle ministers; who come to pay  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord ;  
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? sit down and eat.  
To whom thus Jesus temp'rately replied :  
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right ?  
And who withholds my power that right to use :  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command ?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of angels ministrant,  
Array'd in glory, on my cup t' attend :  
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?  
And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?  
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guile.  
To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent :  
That I have also power to give thou seest ;  
If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,  
And rather opportunely in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect ;  
Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
Whose pains have earn'd the far fetcht spoil.  
With that both table and provision vanish'd quite.  
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard :  
Only th' importune Tempter sill remain'd,  
And with these words his temptation pursu'd :  
By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd :  
Thy temperance invincible besides,  
For no allurements yields to appetite,  
And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
High actions ; but wherewith to be achiev'd ?



Great acts require great means of enterprize ;  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
Lost in a desert here, and hunger-bit ;  
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire  
To greatness ? whence authority deriv'st ?  
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms  
What rais'd Antipater, the Edomite,  
And his son Herod plac'd on Juda's throne,  
(Thy throne) but gold, that got him puissant friend's  
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
Get riches first, get wealth and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me :  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand ;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.  
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied :  
Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd :  
But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;  
Gideon and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world  
To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember  
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting but that I

May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did perhaps, and more ?  
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms ; yet not for that, a crown  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears,  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing, worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly : this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous than to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd.



## PARADISE REGAINED.

### BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd  
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts :

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;  
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast ; or tongue of seers old,  
Infallible : or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require th' array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive  
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
The fame and glory, glory the reward

That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
 Etherial, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers all but the highest;  
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio had beat down  
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd  
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd  
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
 Inglorious but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:  
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?  
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the  
 praise?

'They praise, and they admire they know not what.  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other  
 And what delight to be by such extol'd,  
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?  
 His lot who dares be singularly good.  
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
 This is true glory and renown, when God  
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through heaven  
 To all his angels, who with true applause

Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,  
When to extend his fame through heavens and earth  
As though thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?  
Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations neighb'ring or remote,  
Made captive; yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods.  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice?  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
Till conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd,  
Without ambition, war, or violence;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance: I mention still  
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,  
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame  
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,

Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not desired? I seek not mine, but his  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus replied:  
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs; nor content in heaven,  
 By all his angels glorified, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,  
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd:  
 From us his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:  
 And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
 From them who could return him nothing else,  
 And not returning that, would likeliest render  
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return:  
 For so much good, so much beneficence,  
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
 Who, for so many benefits receiv'd,  
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd;  
 Yet sacrilegious, to himself would take  
 That which to God alone of right belongs.

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory not their own,  
Them ~~to~~ himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God: and here again  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of ~~his~~ own sin, for he himself,  
Insatiable of glory, had lost all:  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem;  
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:  
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
To sit upon thy father David's throne:  
By mother's side thy father: though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms:  
Judea now, and all the promis'd land,  
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius: nor is always rul'd  
With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated  
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?  
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed  
Retir'd into the desert but with arms:  
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
Tho' priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd  
With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;  
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.  
They themselves rather are occasion best,  
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
Thy country from her heathen servitude;  
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;  
The happier reign the sooner it begins:  
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?



To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd :  
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
 And time there is for all things that hath said.  
 If of my reign prophetic words hath told  
 That it should never end, ~~as~~ when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
 Contempts and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best  
 Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first  
 Well hath obey'd ; just trial ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou  
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition ?  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction ?

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, replied :  
 Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace ; what worse ?  
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear :  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
 I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,  
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime ; whatever for itself condemn'd,  
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
 Reign or reign not ; though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,

(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,  
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest both to thyself, and all the world,  
That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their King  
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high ;  
No wonder ; for though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found,  
Or human nature can receive, consider  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem, few days  
Short sojourn ; and what thence couldst thou observe ?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienc'd will be ever  
Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,  
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous :  
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,  
Sufficient introduction to inform  
Thee, of thyself so apt in regal arts,  
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
How best their opposition to withstand.  
With that (such power was given him then) he took  
The Son of God up to a mountain high.  
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,  
Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between  
Fair champaign, with less rivers interven'd.  
Then meeting, join'd their tribute to the sea .

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ;  
 With herds the pastures throug'd, with flocks the  
 hills ;

Huge cities, and high tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain top the Tempter brought,  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league ; here thou behold'st  
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake ; thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond ; to south the Persian bay,  
 And inaccessible the Arabian drouth :  
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat.  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns ;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis  
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there :  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows  
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;  
 There Susa by Choaspes' amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings : of later fame,  
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis : and there  
 Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire, under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host  
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
He marches now in haste; see, though from far  
His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms;  
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops  
In coats of mail and military pride;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound;  
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;  
From Atropatia, and the neighb'ring plains  
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
Of Susiana, to Balsara's heaven.  
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,  
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
The field, all iron, cast a gleaming brown;  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers  
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers  
A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;

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Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
 And wagons fraught with utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his northern powers  
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica  
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemaine.  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry :  
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd :  
     That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety ; hear, and mark  
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown  
 All this fair sight : thy kingdom, though foretold  
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain ; prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means ;  
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
 But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
 By free consent of all, none opposite,  
 Samaritan or Jew ; how couldst thou hope  
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,  
 Between two such enclosing enemies  
 Roman and Parthian ? therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first,  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings  
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,  
 Maugre the Roman ; it shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose :  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,

Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd ;  
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.

These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar need not fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmov'd :  
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
And fragile arms, much instrument of war  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
Before mine eyes thou hast set : and in my ear  
Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else  
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne :  
My time I told thee (and that time for thee  
Were better farthest off) is not yet come :  
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
On my part aught endeavoring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons ;  
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then :  
For Isreal or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days pestilence ? such was thy zeal

To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
 From God to worship calves, the deities  
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
 And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,  
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes:  
 Nor in the land of their captivity  
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
 The God of their forefathers; but so died  
 Impenitent, and left a race behind  
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
 And God with idols to their worship join'd.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,  
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
 Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps  
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve  
 Their enemies who serve idols with God.  
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
 Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wonderous call  
 May bring them back repentent and sincere,  
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,  
 While to their native land with joy they haste  
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
 When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd:  
 To his due time and providence I leave them.  
 So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend  
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles:  
 So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK IV.

**PERPLEX'D** and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve  
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve:  
**This** far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd  
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
But as a man who had been matchless held  
In cunning over-reach'd where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock;  
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,  
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side



Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north  
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,  
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men  
 From cold Sep'tentrion blasts, thence in the midst  
 Divided by a river of whose banks  
 On each side an imperial city stood,  
 With towers and temples proudly elevate  
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues and trophies and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,  
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd,  
 By what strange parallax or optic skill  
 Of vision, multiplied through air or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire :  
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke :  
 The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth  
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
 Of nations ; there the capitol thou seest  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
 Impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine,  
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
 Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.  
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd  
 My airy microscope,) thou may'st behold  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers  
 In cedar, marble, ivory or gold :  
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in ;  
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state

Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings :  
Or embassies from regions far remote  
In various habits, on the Appian road,  
Or on th' Emilian ; some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;  
From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd ;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west ;  
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmathians north,  
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool,  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,  
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,  
In ample territory, wealth and power,  
Civility of manners arts and arms,  
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer,  
Before the Parthian ; these two thrones except,  
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,  
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd :  
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old,  
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
To Capræ, an island small but strong,  
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
His horrid lust in private to enjoy,  
Committing to a wicked favourite  
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious ;  
Hated of all, and hating ; with what case,  
Endu'd with regal virtues, as thou art,  
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds.  
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,  
Now made a sty, and in his place ascending,  
A victor people free from servile yoke ?  
And with my help thou mayst : to me the power

Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world;  
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will.

To whom the Son of God, unmov'd, replied:  
 Nor doth this grandeur, and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to all  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts,  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone,  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read,  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal and myrrhine cups, imboss'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl; to me shouldst tell who thirst  
 And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st  
 From nations far and nigh: what honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk  
 Of th' emperor, how easily subdu'd,  
 How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a devil who first made him such?  
 Let his tormentor conscience, find him out;  
 For him I was not sent; nor yet to free  
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
 Frugal and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine? first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate,

What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,  
 Or could of inward slaves, make outward free?  
 Know, there'ore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;  
 Or as a stone that shall to peices dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world;  
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
 Means there shall be to this; but what the means,  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent replied:

I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
 On th' other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem,  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;  
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
 For, given to me, I give to whom I please;  
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior lord,  
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:  
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less:  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition;  
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,  
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written  
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
 The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve;  
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
 To worship thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd  
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.

The kingdoms of the world to thee wert given,  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd ;  
 Other donation none thou canst produce.  
 If given, by whom, but by the King of kings,  
 God over all supreme ? if given to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the giver now  
 Repaid ? But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
 As offer them to me, the Son of God,  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God ?  
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appearest  
 That evil one Satan ; for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend, with fear abash'd, replied :  
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
 (Though sons of God both angels are and men,)  
 If I, to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
 What both from men and angels I receive,  
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
 God of this world invok'd, and world beneath :  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.  
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem ;  
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd,  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more  
 Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound dispute,  
 As by that early action may be judg'd,  
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
 Alone into the temple ; there was found  
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant  
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair ;  
 Teaching, not taught : the childhood shows the man

As morning shows the day. Be famous then  
By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend :  
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote ,  
The Gentiles also know, and write and teach  
I'o admiration, led by nature's light ;  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou meanest.  
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet ?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes ?  
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.  
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by south-west ; behold  
Where on th' Ægean shore a city stands  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits,  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City, or suburban, studious walks and shades ;  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;  
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound  
Of bees, industrious murmur oft invites  
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls  
His whisp'ring stream : within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world ;  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd.

Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.  
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;  
 High actions, and high passions best describing.  
 Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes thrones.  
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house  
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
 Whom, well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd  
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those  
 Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;  
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st at home  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself; much more with empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:  
 Think not but that I know these things, or think  
 I know them not; not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives  
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense  
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,

But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;  
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease :  
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,  
By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,  
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer ;  
As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can  
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,  
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
And how the world began, and how man fell,  
Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?  
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite  
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
True wisdom, finds her not ; or, by delusion  
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
An empty cloud. However, many books,  
Wise men have said, are wearisome : who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings, what needs he else where seek  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge ;  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
Or if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where so soon  
As in our native language can I find  
That solace ? All our law and story strew'd  
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd.  
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,



That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd ;  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own,  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
 Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,  
 The holiest of holies, and his saints ;  
 Such are from God inspir'd ; not such from thee,  
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.  
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
 The top of eloquence ; statists, indeed,  
 And lovers of their country, as may seem :  
 But herein to our profits far beneath,  
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of civil government,  
 In their majestic unaffected style,  
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learn'd,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so ;  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat :  
 These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the son of God : but Satan now,  
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied :  
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me propos'd in life contemplative,  
 Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world ? the wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place ; I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee ; yet remember  
 What I foretel thee ; soon thou shalt have caus'd

To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,  
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell ;  
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate  
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly, cruel death :  
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom  
Real or allegoric, I discern not,  
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning ; for no date prefix'd  
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowering night,  
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.  
Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind,  
After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,  
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield,  
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
But shelter'd slept in vain ; for at his head  
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturb'd his sleep : and either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds,  
From many a horrid rift abortive, pour'd  
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
In ruin reconcil'd : nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad

From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaded with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer; ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
Unshaken: nor yet stay'd the terror there;  
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some  
shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace:  
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
Come forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,  
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet  
From drooping plant, or drooping tree; the birds,  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn:  
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
The Prince of Darkness glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,  
Yet with no new device, they all were spent:  
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage  
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said:  
Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night: I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself  
Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear  
                  them

As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,  
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone ;  
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light  
On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they roar and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :  
This tempest at this desert most was bent ;  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of fate pursue thy way,  
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,  
For both the when and how is no where told,  
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;  
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
The time and means : each act is rightliest done,  
Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
If thou observe not this, be sure to find  
What I foretold thee, many an hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ;  
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,  
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign.

So talk'd he while the Son of God went on,  
And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus :

Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm  
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none ;  
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud,  
And threat'ning nigh ; what they can do as signs  
Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn

As false portents, not sent from God, but thee :  
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God  
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will : desist, thou art discern'd  
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, replied  
 Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born ;  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt ;  
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
 By all the prophets : of thy birth, at length  
 Announc'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;  
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
 Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest  
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heaven  
 Heard thee pronounc'd, the Son of God belov'd.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense :  
 The Son of God I also am, or was ;  
 And if I was, I am ; relation stands :  
 All men are sons of God : yet thee I thought  
 In some respect far higher so declar'd ;  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild ;  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is ; his wisdom, power, intent,  
 By parle, or composition, truce, or league,

To win him, or win from him what I can.  
 An opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and as a centre, firm :  
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Nor more ; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again :  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,  
 Another method I must now begin.

So saying, he caught him up, and without wing  
 Of hippogriff, bore through the air sublime  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain ;  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires :  
 There on the highest pinnacle he set  
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn :

There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill : I to thy father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd ; highest is  
 best :

Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God :  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus : Also it is written,  
 Tempt not the Lord thy God : he said, and stood.  
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell :  
 As when earth's son Antæus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother-earth new strength.  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd.

Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;  
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.  
 And as that Theban monster, that propos'd  
 Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,  
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep;  
 So, struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend;  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,  
 Ruin and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
 So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and upbore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,  
 Then in a flowery valley set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine,  
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,  
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,  
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd,  
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,  
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic choirs  
 Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father, whether thron'd  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or remote from heaven, inshrin'd  
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with godlike force endu'd  
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,  
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old  
 Thou didst defeat, and down from heaven cast  
 With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd

Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
Temptation hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent;  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
In Paradise to tempt: his snares are broke:  
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou  
A Saviour art come down to re-install,  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star  
Or lightning thou shalt fall from heaven, trod down  
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell  
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarm'd,  
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
That he command them down into the deep  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refresh'd,  
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserv'd,  
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

F





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**A MASK**

**PRESENTED**

**AT LUDLOW CASTLE,**

**BEFORE**

**THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,**

**THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.**

---



## THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Thyris  
COMUS with his crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER.

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

---

The chief persons who presented were.

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

## A MASK.\*

---

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

*The attendant Spirit descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care,  
Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives  
After this mortal change to her true servants  
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
That opes the palace of eternity :  
To such my errand is ; and but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

\* Milton seems in this poem to have imitated Shakspeare's manner in more than any other of his works ; and it was very natural for a young author preparing a piece for the stage, to propose to himself for a pattern, the most celebrated master of English dramatic poetry. He has likewise very closely imitated several passages in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Faithless Shepherdess*.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
 That like to rich and various gems inlay  
 The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
 Which he to grace his tributary gods  
 By course commits to several government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
 A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:  
 Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new-intrusted sceptre: but their way  
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 Fit that by quick command from sov'reign Jove  
 I was despatch'd for their defence and guard:  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe  
 The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine,  
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks  
 With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe voice

Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom, therefore, she brought up, and Comus nam'd  
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
And in thick shelter of black shades embower'd  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller,  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,  
(For most do taste, through fond intemp'rate thirst,)  
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tyger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before,  
And all their friends and native home forget.  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty;  
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove  
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,  
Swift as that sparkle of a glancing star  
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
As now I do: But first I must put off  
These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,  
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
That to the service of his house belongs,  
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar  
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
And in this office of his mountain watch,  
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other ; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening ; they come in, making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold,  
 And the gilded car of day,  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream,  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,  
 Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance, and jollity ;  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry choir,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas with all their finny drove.  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimple brook, and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :  
 What hath night to do with sleep ?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes and wakens Love.  
 Come let us our rites begin,  
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,

Which these dull shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom.  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend  
 Us, thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees  
 Our number may affright : Some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long  
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with bear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits, breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course ;  
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible.



Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The Lady enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pip  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks and granges full,  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O, where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then when the gray-hooded even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts ; likeliest  
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish Night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely traveller ?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity ;  
 I see you visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green.  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the lovelorn nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?  
 O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere.  
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonica.

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence :  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smil'd ! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,  
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap in Elysium ; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself :  
 But such a sacred, and homefelt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan by bless'd song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

*Lady.* Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears ;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Com.* What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you  
 thus ?

*Lady.* Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* Could that divide you from near-ushering  
 guides ?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Com.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

*Lady.* To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

*Com.* And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick  
 return.

*Com.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them ?

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit !

*Com.* Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Com.* Where they of manly prime, or youthful  
 bloom ?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Com.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat ;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood ;  
 I took it for a fairy vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck  
 And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd ; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,  
 To help you find them.

*Lady.* Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

*Com.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good Shepherd. I sup,<sup>pose</sup>,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

*Com.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every busky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;  
 And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd;  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
 From her thatch'd pallet rouse ; if otherwise  
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,  
 And yet is most pretended : In a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

*The two Brothers.*

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair  
 moon,  
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness, and of shades ;  
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Sec. Bro.* Or if our eyes

Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister,  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.  
What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
Or while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

*Eld. Bro.* Peace, Brother, be not over exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion ?  
I do not think my Sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Should stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue would.  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where with her best nurse contemplation  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.

That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast  
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Bro.* 'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in the senate house ;  
 For who would rob a hermet of his weeds,  
 His few books or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not ;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unown'd Sister.

*Eld. Bro.* I do not, Brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy .  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My Sister is not so defenceless left

As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not,

*Sec. Bro.* What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of heaven, if you mean that ?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength

Which if heaven gave it, may be term'd her own,  
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity :

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen

May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths.

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,

Where through the sacred rays of chastity,

No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer

Will dare to soil her virgin purity :

Yea there, where very desolation dwells

By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades.

She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,

Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,

In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,

Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,

That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,

No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,

Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call

Antiquity from the old schools of Greece

To testify the arms of chastity ?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,

Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,

Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness

And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' world

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,

That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,

Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone.

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,

And noble grace that dash'd brute violence

With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?



So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants,  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in charnal vaults and sepulchres,  
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Bro.* How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear  
 Some far off halloo break the silent air

*Sec. Bro.* Methought so too; what should it be

*Eld. Bro.* For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst,  
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

*Sec. Bro.* Heaven keep my Sister. Again, again  
 and near;

Pest draw, and stand upon our guard.

*Eld. Bro.* I'll halloo:

If he be friendly, he comes well ; If not,  
Defence is a good cause, and heaven be for us.

*The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you ? speak ;  
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir.* What voice is that ? my young lord ? speak  
again.

*Sec. Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft  
delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.  
How cam'st thou here, good swain ? hath any ram  
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggl'g wether the pent flock forsook ?  
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

*Spir.* O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf ; not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought.  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she ?  
How chance she is not in your company ?

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without  
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

*Spir.* Ah me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

*Eld. Bro.* What fears, good Thyrsis ? Prithee  
briefly show.

*Spir.* I'll tell ye ; 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,  
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse.  
Storied of old in high immortal verse,  
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell ;  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the naval of this hideous wood,  
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,  
And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Character'd in the face ; this have I learn'd  
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts  
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ;  
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them awhile,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,  
That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep ;  
At last a soft and solemn breathing-sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even silence  
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might

Deny her nature, and be never more  
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death · but Oh! ere long  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister,  
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
 And O, poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day;  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
 Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent Lady, his wish'd prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here.  
 But further know I not.

*Sec. Bro.* O night and shades,  
 How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot,  
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, Brother?

*Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,  
 Lean on it safely; not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt  
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;  
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,

It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consumed : if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.  
 Against th' opposing will and arm of heaven  
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;  
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to restore his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
 Curs'd as his life.

*Spir.* Alas ! good vent'rous youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;  
 Far other arms, and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms :  
 He, with his bare wand, can unthread thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Bro.* Why pr'ythee, Shepherd,  
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
 As to make this relation ?

*Spir.* Care and utmost shifts  
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray :  
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
 Which when I did, he, on the tender grass,  
 Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :  
 Among the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,

But in another country, as he said,  
 There a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave :  
 He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.  
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd.  
 But now I find it true ; for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off : if you have this about you,  
 (As I will give you when we go,) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But seize his wand ; though he and his curs'd crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink,  
*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis, lead on a pace, I'll follow thee,  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us,

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.*

*Com.* Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*Lady.* Fool, do not boast,  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind

With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees good.

*Com.* Why are you vex'd, Lady? Why do ye  
frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures  
That fancy can beget on youthful-thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
And first behold this cordial julap here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.  
Not that Nephthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst,  
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent  
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty may subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,  
This will restore all soon.

*Lady.* 'Twill not, false traitor,  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
Thou told'st me of? what grim aspects are these.  
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;  
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?  
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

*Com.* O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.  
 Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please and sate the curious taste ?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd  
 silk,

To deck her sons ; and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutch'd th' all worshipp'd ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with ; if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 Th' all-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility,  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with  
 plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought  
 diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows



MASK OF CONUS.

List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
With that same vaunted name virginity.  
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded  
But must be current, and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;  
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be show'd  
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,  
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence; coarse complexions  
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.  
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
There was another meaning in these gifts,  
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

*Lady.* I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips  
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes.  
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.  
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
Imposter, do not charge most innocent nature,  
As if she would her children should be riotous  
With her abundance; she, good cateress,  
Means her provision only to the good,  
That live according to her sober laws,  
And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
If every just man, that now pines with want,  
Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
Of that which lewdly pamper'd luxury  
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
Nature's full blessing would be well dispens'd  
In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
And she no whit incumber'd with her store;  
And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Grams and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?  
 Or have I said enough ? To him that dares  
 Profane his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 The sun-clad power of chastity,  
 Should I something say, yet to what end ?  
 Not ear nor soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd ;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Com.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power :  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Satan's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation ;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood :  
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits, and delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all drisen in: The attendant Spirit comes in.*

*Spirit.* What, have you let the false enchanter  
'scape?

O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand  
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fixed, and motionless:  
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,  
Some other means I have which may be us'd,  
Which once of Melibonius old I learn'd,  
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,  
Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course,  
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearly wrists and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to embathe  
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil.  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made goddess of the river; still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrew'd meddling elf delights to make.

Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals,  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invoc'd in warbled song,  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard besetting need ; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring versc.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,

    Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
         Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethy's grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,

H

Sleeping her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summon answer'd have.  
 Listen and save.

*Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings:*

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green  
 That in the channel strays ;  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head.  
 That bends not as I tread ;  
 Gentle Swain, at thy request  
 I am here.

*Spirit.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distress'd,  
 Through the force, and through the wile  
 Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

*Sab.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnar'd chastity :  
 Brightest Lady, look on me ;  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept of precious cure,  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;  
 Next this marble venom'd seat,

Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

*Spirit.* Virgin, daughter of Loctrine  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drouth, or singed air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten chrystal fill with mud :  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore ;  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.  
 Come, Lady, while heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste, or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground ;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence, and beside  
 All the swains that near abide,  
 With jigs, and rural dance resort :

We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer ;  
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid-ek ;.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle ; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

## SONG.

*Spi.* Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,  
 Till next sun-shine holiday:  
 Here be without duck or nod  
 Other trappings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mincing Dryades  
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.*

Noble Lord and Lady bright,  
 I have brought you new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own ;  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the Spirit epilogizes.*

*Spir.* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye.

Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
There I suck the liquid air  
All amidst the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree.  
Along the crisped shades and bowers  
Revils the spruce and jocund Spring,  
The Graces, and the rosy bosom'd Hours.  
Thither all their bounties bring ;  
That there eternal summer dwells  
And west-winds with musky wing  
About the cedarn alleys fling  
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
Iris there with humid bow  
Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hue  
Than her purpled scarf can show.  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(List mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes.  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,  
After her wand'ring labours long  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born.  
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.  
But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.



Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue, she alone is free.  
She can teach you how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime ;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

END OF THE MASK.



**SAMSON AGONISTES.**

**A**

**DRAMATIC POEM.**

---

**THE PERSONS.**

**SAMSON.**

**MANOAH, the Father of SAMSON.**

**DALILA, his Wife.**

**HARAPHA of Gath.**

**Public Officer.**

**Messenger.**

**Chorus of Danites**

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place high, some-what retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who, in the meanwhile, is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play and show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

## SAMSON AGONISTES.\*

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

*Samson.*

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little farther on ;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else injoin'd me,  
Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet.  
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind

\* *Samson Agonistes*, that is, *Samson an Actor*, *Samson* represented in a play.

From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now  
 O wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold  
 Twice by an angel, who at last in sight  
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die  
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious  
 strength

Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd  
 Lower than bonds slave! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule.

But to subserve where wisdom bears command!  
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepid age !  
 Light, the prime work of God to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own ;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark. amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day !  
 O first created Beam. and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ?  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon.  
 When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part ; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?

And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light ;  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And buried ; but O yet more miserable !  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
 Buried, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.

But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear  
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly awhile !  
 Let us not break in upon him :  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
 With languish'd head unpropp'd,  
 As one past hope, abandon'd,  
 And by himself given over ;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soil'd ;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd,  
 Irresistible Samson ? whom unarm'd  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with  
 stand ;

Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
 Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron.  
 And weaponless himself  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail

Adamantean proof ;  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Asca  
 lonite

Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel ;  
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust,  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulder  
 bore

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so ;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail.  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)  
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause con-  
 plain)

Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light  
 T' incorporate with gloomy night,  
 For inward light, alas !  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth uparallel'd !  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen



For him I reckon not in high estate  
Whom long descent of birth  
Or the sphere of fortune raises ;  
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
Might have subdued the earth,  
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

*Sams.* I hear the sound of words, their sense the air  
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

*Thor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in  
might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief ;  
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown  
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores ; apt words have power to 'swage  
The tumours of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

*Sams.* Your coming, friends, revives me, for I  
learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
I would be understood,) in prosp'rous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
Not to be found though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
How many evils have enclos'd me round ;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear,  
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful woman ? tell me friends,  
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
In every street ? do they not say, how well  
Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold

In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;  
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,  
 These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal ; wisest men  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd ;  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;  
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
 Than of thy own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd  
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel ; they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God ; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
 The marriage on ; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had ! fond wish too late,)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end : still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors : of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause but I myself,  
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness !)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,  
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conqueror,  
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd

Deliverance offer'd : I on the other side  
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
 doer ;

But they persisted deaf and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers  
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,  
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best -  
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harass of their land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
 Bound with two cords : but cords to me were thread-  
 Touch'd with the flame ; on their whole host I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.  
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom now they serve ;  
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
 As their deliverer ; if he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,

Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite  
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
 In that sore battle, when so many died  
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the roll.  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men :  
 Unless there be who think not God at all ;  
 If any be, they walk obscure ;  
 For of such doctrine never was there school,  
 But the heart of the fool,  
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just  
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
 Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution ;  
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd  
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right t' exempt  
 Whom so it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstriction, without taint  
 Of sin or legal debt :

For with his own laws he can best dispense.  
 He would not else who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that falacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down.

Though reason here aver  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean ;  
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend sire  
With careful steps, locks white as down,  
Old Manoah : advise  
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Sams.* Ah me, another inward grief awak'd  
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place : if old respect  
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd  
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with care  
Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,  
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change ! is this the man,  
That invincible Sampson, far renown'd,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
None offering fight ; who single combatant  
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spear's length. O ever failing trust  
In mortal strength ! and oh what not in man  
Deceivable and vain ! Nay what tri- ing good  
Pray'd for, but often proves our wo, our bane ?  
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach ; I gain'd a son,  
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy :  
Who would be now a father in my stead ?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd ?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest prayers, then given with solemn hand  
As graces draw a scorpion's tail behind ?  
For this did th' angels twice descend ? for this

Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
 Select, and sacred, glorious for awhile  
 The miracle of men; then in an hour  
 Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, as a thrall  
 Subject him to such foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sams.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, father;  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me  
 But justly; I myself have brought them on,  
 Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
 The mystery of God given me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
 But warn'd by oft experience; did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her height  
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd  
 Her spurious first-born: treason against me?  
 Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring prayers and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might  
 know;  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly, and with what impudence  
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse

'Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself ;  
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles  
 With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
 To storm me, over-watch'd, and wearied out  
 At times when men seeks most repose and rest,  
 - yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares :  
 But fou. effeminacy held me yok'd  
 Her bond slave ; O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion ! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment !  
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,  
 Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion, prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
 I state not that ; this I am sure, our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
 To violate the secret trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept  
 Tacit, was in thy power : true ; and thou bear'st  
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault ;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
 This day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud  
 To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd  
 Chee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,

Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a *ε'αιη*.  
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
 Besides whom is no god, compar'd with idols,  
 Disglorified, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high  
 Among the Heathen round ; to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths  
 Of idolists, and atheists ; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end ; all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presum'd,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,  
 But will arise and his great name assert :  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves me, and these  
 words

I as a prophecy receive ; For God,  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition, nor will long



Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?  
 Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom ; well they may by this  
 Have satisfied their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sams.* Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble  
 Of that solicitation ; let me here,  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;  
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front ?  
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully : a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

*Man.* Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,  
 But act not in thy own affliction, son ;  
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;  
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself ; perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;  
 Who ever more approves and more accepts  
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
 Than who self rigorous chooses death as due ;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.

Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows  
 But God hath set before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou mayst bring thy offerings to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd ?

*Sams.* His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it ? when in strength  
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from heaven foretold and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
 I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swoln with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;  
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,  
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shaven and disarm'd among mine enemies.

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby,  
 Sparkling, out pour'd the flavour or the smell,  
 Or taste that cheers the hearts of gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
 With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice slaying  
 Thirst, and refresh'd ; nor envied them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,

When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Sams.* But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete

Against another object more enticing ?  
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
 And at another to let in the foe,  
 Effeminately vanquish'd ? by which means,  
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My nation, and the work from heaven impos'd,  
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
 A burdenous drone ; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
 Robustuous to no purpose clust'ring down,  
 Vain monument of strength ; till length of years  
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
 To a contemptible old age obscure ;  
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food  
 Consume me, and oft-invocated death  
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
 that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them ?  
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.  
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast ;  
 And I persuade me so ; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?  
 His might continues in thee not for naught,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light

Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself,  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom, or how else : meanwhile be calm.  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

*Sams.* O that torment should not be confin'd  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast and reins ;  
 But must secret passage find  
 To th' inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
 As a ling'ring disease,  
 But finding no redress ferment and rage,  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene  
 To black mortification.  
 Thoughts, my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :

Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
His destin'd from the womb,  
Promis'd by heavenly message twice descending;  
Under h' : special eye  
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies;  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument and much persuasive sought  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:  
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint!  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength.  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou tow'rds him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,

emper'st thy providence through his short course.  
 ot evenly as thou rul'st  
 h' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
 rational and bruté.  
 or do I name of men the common rout,  
 hat wand'ring loose about  
 row up and perish, as the summer fly,  
 eads without name no more remember'd,  
 ut such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
 o some great work, thy glory,  
 nd people's safety, which in part they effect :  
 et toward these thus dignified, thou oft,  
 midst their height of noon,  
 hangest thy countenance, and thy hand with no  
     regard  
 f highest favours past  
 rom thee on them, or them to thee of service.  
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 o life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 ut throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them  
     high,  
 Inseemly falls in human eye,  
 'oo grievous for the trespass or omission ;  
 oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
 o dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd ;  
 or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times  
 and condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.  
 f these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 'ainful diseases and deform'd,  
 n crude old age :  
 'hough not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring  
 'he punishment of dissolute days : in fine,  
 ust or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 'or oft alike both come to evil end.  
 So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 'he image of thy strength, and mighty minister.

What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?  
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,  
An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;  
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
And now at nearer view, no other certain  
Than Dalila thy wife.

*Sams.* My wife, my trait'ress, let her not come  
near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes  
thee fix'd

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,  
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,  
And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,  
Wetting the borders of her silken veil :  
But now again she makes address to speak.

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
Which to have merited, without excuse,  
I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears  
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
In the perverse event than I foresaw)  
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection  
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,  
Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
If aught in my ability may serve

To lighten what thou suffer st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sams.* Out, out hyæna ; these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change.  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail :  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits ;  
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson ; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults :  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is for naught,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ?  
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way,  
 But I to enemies reveal'd. and should not.



Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman  
 frailty :  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself was cruel.  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle  
 So near related, or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rd's thee,  
 Caus'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 The key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold :  
 That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
 These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps :  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ?

That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
 By this appears ; I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
 I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me ;  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou see'st  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd ; weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?  
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea, therefore,  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.  
 But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust ; love seeks to have love ;  
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;  
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me : thou know'st the magis-  
 trates

And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,  
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation : and the priest  
 Was not behind but ever at my ear,

Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon : what had I  
 T' oppose against such powerful arguments ?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest : at length that grounded maxims  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd ;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would  
 end ;

In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs : if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations ;  
 No more thy country but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear ;  
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee ;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable

T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds ; the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;  
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd,  
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear ?

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

*Sams.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of  
 breath ;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.

Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Tow'rd's thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure

Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist

To afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd,

Where other senses want not their delights,

At home, in leisure and domestic ease,

Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the lords will intercede, not doubting

Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee

From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide

With me, where my redoubled love and care

With nursing diligence, to me glad office,

May ever tend about thee to old age

With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,

That what by me thou hast lost thou least shal  
 miss.

*Sams.* No, no, of my condition take no care ;

It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;

Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,

To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught ; I know thy trains

Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;

Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd,  
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd  
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ;  
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
 And last neglected ? How wouldst thou insult,  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will  
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile ?  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that ;  
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives :  
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
 To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore ;  
 Thy anger, unappeasible, still rages,  
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?  
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?  
 To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.

Fame, if not double fac'd is double moun'd,  
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds ;  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defam'd.  
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.  
 But in my country, where I most desire,  
 In Ecron Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be nam'd among the famousest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals.  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited, and annual flowers ;  
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.  
 At this who ever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Sams.* So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange  
 power,

After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repuls'd without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sams.* Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
Not wedlock-treach'ry ending long life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
That woman's love can win or long inherit  
But what it is, hard is to say,

Order to hit,  
(Which way soever men refer it.)

Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day,  
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all the Timnian bride  
Had not so soon preferr'd  
Thy paralymp, worthless to thee compar'd  
Successor in thy bed,  
Nor but so loosely disallied  
Their nuptials, not this last so treacherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
Of constancy no root infix'd.  
That either they love nothing, or not long?

What'er it be to wisest men and best,  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure.

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestine, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
Draws him awry enslav'd  
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
Embark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?  
Favour'd of heaven who finds

One virtuous rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines:  
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth.  
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition,  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Not from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour:

So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not sway'd  
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.  
 But had we best retire, I see a storm?

*Sams.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sams.* Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherwards, I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him  
 hither

I less conjecture than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sams.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now  
 arrives.

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance.  
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath.  
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
 As Og or Anak and the Emims old  
 That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now  
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd



Incredible to me, in this displeas'd  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
Each other's force in camp or listed field:  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

*Sams.* The way to know were not to see but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass' jaw;  
I should have forc'd thee soon wish other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:  
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Sams.* Boast not of what thou would'st have done  
but do

What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

*Sams.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,  
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place enclos'd where sight may give  
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,

Vant-brass and greaves, and guantlet, add thy spear,  
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield,  
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee  
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art  
 Armed thee, or charmed thee strong which thou from  
 heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
 Were bristles, rang'd like those that ridge the back  
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;  
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd  
 No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold  
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded :  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up

Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
 Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,  
 As good for nothing else; no better service  
 With those thy braided locks, no worthy match  
 For valour to assail, nor for the sword  
 Of noble warriors, so to stain his honour,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are  
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant ;  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
 By combat to decide whose god is God,  
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty Giant how dost thou prove  
 me these ?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?  
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
 As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound  
 Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?  
 The Philistines, when thou had'st broke the league,  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe ;  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast :  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,

Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd  
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chang'd  
 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords.  
 It was the force of conquest; force with force  
 Is well ejected, when the conquer'd can.  
 But I a private person, whom my country,  
 As a league-breaker, gave up bound, presum'd  
 Single rebellion and did hostile acts;  
 I was no private but a person rais'd  
 With strength sufficient and command from Heaven  
 To free my country; if their servile minds  
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for naught,  
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve  
 I was to do my part from heaven assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellat  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment?  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sams.* Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster to sur  
 vey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

*Har.* O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd  
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy  
 hand

Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits

*Sams.* Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood  
Though fame divulge him Father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd,  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence.  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is, hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* O how comely it is, and how reviving  
For the spirits of just men long oppress'd,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,

The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
 Hardy and industrious to support  
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth;  
 He all their ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind,  
 And celestial vigour arm'd,  
 Their armouries and magazines contemns.  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With winged expedition  
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
 Lose their defence distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict,  
 Either of these is in thy lot  
 Samson, with might indued  
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand.  
 His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say.  
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,

With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games ;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly ;  
 Rise therefore, with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tel them,

Our law forbids at their religious rites  
 My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
 And over-labour'd at their public mill,  
 To make them sport with blind activity ?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more,  
 Or make a game of my calamities ?  
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself, this will offend them highly

*Sams.* Myself ! my conscience and internal peace  
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands ?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief  
 To show them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution ?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message  
 needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow  
 indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson ; matters now are strain'd  
Up to the height, whether to hold or break ;  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?  
Expect another message more imperious,  
More loudly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols ;  
A Nazarite in place abominable,  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon ?  
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Phi-  
listines,  
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts  
defile not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
tence holds.

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
Not dragging ? the Philistian lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind : which in his jealousy  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts n y  
reach.

*Sams.* Be of good courage, I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me which dispose



To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
 I with this messenger will go along,  
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords  
 To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,  
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
 Or we shall find such engines to assail  
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,  
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
 Yet knowing their advantages too many,  
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go,  
 Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men,  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution: doff these links  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren, farewell; your company along  
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight  
 Of me as of a common enemy,  
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
 I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;  
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd  
 With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;  
 No less the people on their holy-days

Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :  
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
 Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go and the Holy One  
 Of Israel be thy guide  
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread hi  
 name

Great among the heathen round ;  
 Send thee the angel of thy birth to stand  
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field,  
 Rode up in flames after this message told  
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
 Of fire ; that Spirit that first rushed on thee  
 In the camp of Dan  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need ;  
 For never was from heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
 With youthful steps ? much livelier than erewhile  
 He seems ; supposing here to find his son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ?

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement hither

Was not at present here to find my son.  
 By order of the lords new parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast.  
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,  
 Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.  
 But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
 With thee ; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing.

With supplication prone and father's tears,  
 To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.  
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous proud, set on revenge and spite;  
 That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and state  
 They easily would set to sail; a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were propos'd.  
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,  
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
 And number'd down: much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left.  
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
 For his redemption all my patrimony  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons.  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son  
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
 With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
 And I persuade me God had not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair  
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service,  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost.  
 God will restore his eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
 Conceiv'd agreeable to a father's love,  
 In both, which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and—O wha.  
 noise ?

Mercy of heaven, what hideous noise was that ?  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Chor.* Noise call you it or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed, methought I heard the noise  
 Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be ;  
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see ?

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest running thither  
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fallen ;  
 From whom could else a general cry be heard ?  
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
 From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ?

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
 For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can I know, but doubt to think he will .

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts *hith. f.*  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way thy  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted.  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

*Man.* The accident was loud; and here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not:  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not  
saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first, there may in grief be  
surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah Monoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them o'

*Mess.* Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence ! but death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipp'd with the lagging rear of winter's fros' :  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How died he ; death to life is crown or shame  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death wound ?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then or how ? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence ! what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes ?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd ;  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself !  
A dreadul way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know ; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occsaions drew me early to this city,  
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets' festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street : little I had despatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games ;  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle

The building was a spacious theatre  
 Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats where all the lords and each degree  
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold ;  
 The other side was open, where the throng  
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
 among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer,  
 wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
 In their state livery clad ; before him pipes  
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
 At sight of him the people with a shout  
 Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall,  
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
 Came to the place, and what was set before him  
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
 All with incredible, stupendous force :  
 None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him  
 Between the pillars ; he his guide repuested  
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while  
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
 That to the arched roof gave main support.  
 He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,  
 And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd :  
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,  
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd  
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :

Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson with these inmix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now liest victorious  
 Among thy slain self-kill'd,  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before.

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and  
 sublime,  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo his bright sanctuary:  
 Among them He a spirit of phrensy sent  
 Who hurt their minds  
 And urg'd them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer;  
 They only set on sport and play  
 Unweetingly importun'd



Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men  
 Fallen into wrath divine  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

*Semichor.* But he though blind of sight,  
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue rous'd  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came  
 Assailant on the perched roosts,  
 And nests in order rang'd  
 Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So virtue given for lost,  
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods imboss'd,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
 Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deem'd.  
 And though her body die, her fame survives  
 A secular bird ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come, no time for lamentation now  
 Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentations to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel  
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,

But favouring and assisting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt.  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream  
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequy and funeral train  
Home to his father's house : there will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valour, and adventures high :  
The virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrolable intent ;  
His servants he with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed  
And calm of mind all passion spent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.



## POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

### L' ALLEGRO.\*

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-  
holy'  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings;  
There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free  
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore;  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring.  
Or whether (as some sages sing)  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying;  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.

\* *L' Allegro* is the cheerful merry man; and in this poem he describes the course of mirth in the country and in the city from morning to noon, and from noon to night.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.  
 And if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew;  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasure free;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull Night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come in spite of Sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine:  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
 Sometime walking not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
 While the ploughman near at hand

Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 While the landscape round it measures,  
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
 Where the mooling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim with daises pied,  
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide :  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes.  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the meat-handed Phyllis dresses,  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves ;  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sun-shine holiday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail ;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkie's eat,

She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said  
 And he, by friar's lantern led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-lab'rors could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubbar-fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then ;  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,

The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

 IL PENSEROSO.\*

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys :  
 Dwell in some idol brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And, therefore, to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ,

\* *Il Penseroso* is the thoughtful, melancholy man ; and this poem, both in its model and principal circumstances, is taken from a song in praise of melancholy in Beaumont, and Fletcher's comedy, called *The Nice Valour, or Passionate Madman*.



Black, but such as in esteem,  
 Prince Memmon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauties praise above  
 The Sea-nymphs, and their powers offended,  
 Yet thou art higher far descended,  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore ;  
 His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain,  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :  
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The chearful Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,

Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th'accustom'd oak ;  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy evening-song ;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit.  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the belman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm :  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
And of those Demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divins,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath thy buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes, as warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wond'rous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves.

And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves.  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such concert as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid.  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voic'd choir below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that Heaven doth show,  
 And every herb that sips the dew;

Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT  
 DYING OF A COUGH.\*

I.

O FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted  
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry:  
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye  
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer  
 By boist'rous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot  
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
 Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach  
 was held.

III.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
 Through middle empire of the freezing air,  
 He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far;  
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care:  
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,

\* Composed in 1625, the 17th year of Milton's age. 'This infant was the author's niece, a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place

## IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land ;  
But then transform'd him to a purple flower :  
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

## V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?  
Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

## VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely bless'd,  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)  
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in th' Elysian fields, (if such they were,)  
O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy  
flight ?

## VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall ;  
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?  
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny Heaven, and thou, some goddess fled,  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

## VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And cam'st again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou, [Mercy,] that sweet smiling Youth?  
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?  
Or any other of that heavenly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some  
good?

## IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
Who having clad thyself in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
And after short abode fly back with speed,  
As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed.  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

## X.

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heaven-lov'd innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou  
art.

## XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child,  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent;

This if thou do, he will an offering give  
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to  
live.

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*Anno Ætatis 19. (1627.) At a Vacation Exercise in  
the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin  
Speeches ended, the English thus began:*

HAIL, native language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips  
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before ;  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task :  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst :  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made :  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure.  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure  
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,  
But cull those richest robes; and gay'st attire  
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire :  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And weary of their place do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
That so they may without suspect or fears  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.  
Yet I had rather, if I were to chose,



Thy service in some graver subject use,  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,  
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast  
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest  
 Are held with his melodious harmony  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity ;  
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray !  
 Expectance calls thee now another way ;  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament :  
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments  
 his ten Sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance  
 with his Canons, which thus speaking explains :*

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth  
 The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth ;  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed.

Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible ;  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage,  
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass  
 Foresaw what future 'ays should bring to pass :  
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent )  
 Shall subject be to many an accident.  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him assunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them ;  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing :  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar ;  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, it not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose ; then  
 Relation was called by his Name.*

Rivers, arise ; whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Don,  
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads ;  
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens' death ;  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee

Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,  
 Or Meday smooth, or royal tower'd Thames.  
 [*The rest was prose*]

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S  
 NATIVITY.

Composed in 1633.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin-Mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing,  
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
 Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table  
 To sit the midst of Trinal-Unity,  
 He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the Heaven by the sun's team untrod,  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
 bright?

## IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet ;  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the Angel choir,  
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

## THE HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the Heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,  
 Nature in awe to him  
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize ;  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

## II.

Only, with speeches fair,  
 She wooes the gentle air,  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

## III.

But he her fears to cease  
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;  
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly-sliding

Down through the turning sphere  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land

## IV.

No war, or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around,  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;  
 The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng ;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of Light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
 The winds, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,  
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean ;  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

## VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence,  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
 But in their glimring orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

## VII.

And though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed  
 And hide his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new enlighten'd world no more should need ;  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could  
 bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn.  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic w  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below :  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

## IX.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air, such pleasures loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly  
 close.

## X.

Nature that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union .

## XL.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night ar  
 ray'd ;  
 The helmed Cherubim,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn choir,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born  
 Heir.

## XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellation set,  
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep

## XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so.)  
 And let your silver chime  
 Drove in melodious time ;  
 And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

## XIV.

For it such holy song  
 Inwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

## XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then,  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

## XVI.

But wisest fate says no.  
 This must not yet be so,  
 The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss ;  
 So both himself and us to glorify .  
 Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
 the deep,

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
 As on mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake  
 The aged earth aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his  
 throne.



## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins ; for from this happy day  
 Th' old Dragon under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far cast his usurped sway,  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XI.

The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
 From haunted spring and dale,  
 Edg'd with poplar pale,  
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent :  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
 The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets,  
 Mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
 The Lares and Lemures moan with midnight plaint :  
 In urns and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat

## XXII.

Peor and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim  
    With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine ;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids then wounded Thammuz  
    mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
    His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with cymbals ring,  
They call the grisly king,  
    In dismal dance about the furnace blue :  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
    Trampling the unshower'd grass with towings loud :  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
    Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

## XXV.

He feels from Judah's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
    The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye

Nor all the gods besides,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew

## XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to th' infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd  
 maze.

## XXVII.

But see, the Virgin-bless'd  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending  
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

## THE PASSION. \*

## I.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,

\* This poem appears to have been composed soon after the Ode on the Nativity.

My Muse with Angels did divide to sing ;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark, and long out-living night.

## II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest wo,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo :  
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human weight !

## III.

He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head.  
 That droop'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enter'd  
 His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies ;  
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !  
 Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side

## IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound :  
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings, other where are found ;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremonas' trump doth sound ;  
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
 Of lute or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

## V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief ;  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my wo ;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish  
white.

## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood ;  
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood :  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store ;  
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before :  
For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)  
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud  
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud

This subject the Author finding to be above the  
years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied  
with what was begun, left it unfinished.

## ON TIME.\*

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race ;  
 Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross ;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain !  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss ;  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heavenly guided souls shall climb,  
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, 'O  
 Time !

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night ;

\* In these poems where no date is prefixed, and no circumstances direct us to ascertain the time when they were composed, we follow the order of Milton's own editions. And before this copy of verses it appears, from the manuscript, that the poet had written, *To be set on a clock-case.*

Now mourn ; and, if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow.  
 He, who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;  
 Alas ! how soon our sin  
 Doth begin  
 His infancy to seize !  
 O more exceeding love, or law more just !  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !  
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above  
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ;  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied ;  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess ;  
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
 This day ; but O, ere long,  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

---

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Bless'd pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce ;  
 And to our high rais'd phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure content,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne,  
 To him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,  
 Their loud, up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choir,

Touch their immortal harps of gold: a wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly:  
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise:  
 As once we did; till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O, may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God, ere long,  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

—

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF  
WINCHESTER.\*

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,  
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
 Besides what her virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More than she could own from earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told; alas! too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness, and with death.  
 Yet had the number of her days

\* This Lady was Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Visc. Savage of Rock-savage, Cheshire, who by marriage became the heir of Lord Jersey, Earl of Rivers; and was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester, and the mother of Charles first duke of Bolton. She died in childbed of a second son in the 23d year of her age; and Milton made these verses at Cambridge, as appears by the sequel.



Been as complete as was her praise,  
 Nature and Fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
 Quickly found a lover meet;  
 The virgin choir for her request  
 The God that sits at marriage-feast;  
 He at their invoking came,  
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame;  
 And in his garland, as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
 Once had the early matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes,  
 And calls Lucina to her throes;  
 But, whether by mischance or blame,  
 Atropos for Lucina came;  
 And, with remorseless cruelty,  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree;  
 The hapless babe, before his birth,  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth;  
 And the languish'd mother's womb  
 Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,  
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip;  
 The pride of her carnation train  
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to crop the flower  
 New shot up from vernal shower.  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Side-ways, as on a dying bed,  
 And those pearls of dew she wears  
 Prove to be presaging tears,  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hast'ning funeral.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have,  
 After this thy travail sore  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,

That to give the world increase,  
 Shorten'd haste thy own life's lease.  
 Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon ;  
 And some flowers, and some bays  
 For thy hearse to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name ;  
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory  
 Next her, much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian Shepherdess,  
 Who, after years of barrenness,  
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before,  
 And at her birth, much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light :  
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a queen.

---

SONG.—ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May, thou dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;  
 Woods, and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill, and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

## ON SHAKSPEARE.\* 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones.  
 The labour of an age in piled stones?  
 Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
 Under a star-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst, to th' shame of slow endeavouring art,  
 Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart  
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,  
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the time of his vacancy; being forbid  
to go to London, by reason of the plague.\**

Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,  
 And, here, alas! hath lain him in the dirt;  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had, any time this ten years full,

\* We have the following account of this extraordinary man in the Spectator, No. 509. "Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and the first man in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was, to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and

Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn ;  
 In the kind office of a chamberlain  
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

---

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die, while he could move ;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :  
 And, like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight  
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.

whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man : I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling : but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice ; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door, so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice. From whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say *Hobson's choice*. This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag :

*The fruitful mother of a hundred more."*

Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath :  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd  
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd  
 (If I may'nt carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make to make six bear-

ers.

Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light ;  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That even to his last breath, (there be that say't,)  
 As he were press'd to death, he cried, More weight ;  
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date.  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas  
 Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase* :  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.

#### ARCADES.\*

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit moving toward the seat of state, with this Song.*

#### I. SONG.

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look,  
 What sudden blaze of majesty

\* This poem is only part of an Entertainment, or Mask. the rest

Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook.

This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend :  
Here our solemn search hath end.  
Fame, that, her high worth to raise  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise ;  
Less than half we find express'd,  
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads :  
This, this is she alone,  
Sitting like a goddess bright,  
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,  
Or the tower'd Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred gods ;  
Juno dares not give her odds .  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparallel'd ?

probably being of a different nature, or composed by a different hand. This Countess Dowager of Derby to whom it was presented, must have been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Athorp, Northamptonshire, and widow of Ferdinando Stanley, the fifth Earl of Derby. And as Harefield is in Middlesex, and, according to Camden, lieth a little to the north of Uxbridge, we may conclude, that Milton made this poem while he resided in that neighbourhood with his father at Horton near Colebrooke. It should seem too, that it was made before the mask at Ludlow, as it is a more imperfect essay. And Frances, the second daughter of this Countess Dowager of Derby, being married to John Earl of Bridgewater, before whom was presented the Mask at Ludlow, we may conceive in some measure how Milton was induced to compose the one after the other. The alliance between the families naturally and easily accounts for it : and in all probability, the Genius of the wood in this poem, as well as the attendant Spirit in the Mask, was Mr. Henry Lawes, who was the great master of music at that time, and taught most of the young nobility.

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears and turning towards them, speaks.*

GENIUS.

STAY, gentle Swains ; for, though in this disguise  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung ;  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair, silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good :  
 I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant.  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine ;  
 And with all helpful service will comply,  
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;  
 And lead ye, where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold  
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :  
 For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
 And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross, dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round,  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,  
 And early, ere the odourous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless ·  
 But else in deep of night when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the ninefolded spheres.  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears ;  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of Gods and Men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear ;  
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds : yet, as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;  
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me, as I sing  
     And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
     Follow me ;  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour, as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.



## III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's liliéd banks ;  
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;  
 Here ye shall have greater grace,  
 To serve the Lady of this place.  
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## LYCIDAS.\*

*In this Monody, the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637: and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and rude ;  
 And, with forc'd fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

\* This poem was made upon the unfortunate and untimely death of Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland, a fellow collegian and intimate friend of Milton, who, as he was going to visit his relations in Ireland was drowned, Aug. 10, 1637, in the 25th year of his age. This poem is with great judgment made of the pastoral kind, as both Mr. King and Milton had been designed for holy orders and the pastoral care, which gives a peculiar propriety to several passages in it.

Compels me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
 And, as he passes, turn,  
 And bid fair peace be, to my sable shroud :  
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove afield, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft, till the star that rose at evening, bright,  
 Toward Heaven's descent had slop'd his west'ring  
 wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute ;  
 Rough Satyrs dan'd, and Fawns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
 And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn :  
 The willows, and hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their jovous leaves to thy soft lays

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling-herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blow ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless  
 deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.  
 Ay me ! I fondly dream !

Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son.

Whom universal Nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
 Were it not better done, as other use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Næra's hair,  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind,)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious day ;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes to blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,  
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ;  
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glist'ring foil,  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood.  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea ;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds,  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory :  
 They knew not of his story ;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark  
 That sank so low that sacred head of thine.  
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
 Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake ;  
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain  
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to  
 hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd nught else the least

That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs ;  
 What reck's it them ? What need they ? They are  
 sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their screeching pipes of wretched straw ;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said :  
 But that two handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green-turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies.  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the Laureate hearse where Lyciad lies.  
 For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount,  
 Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold ;  
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth ;  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds. weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves  
 Where other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears th' unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the bless'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That, singing, in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas; the shepherds weep no more ;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropp'd into the western bay ;  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :  
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE  
UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.\*

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate-Lord,  
And with stiff vow renounc'd his Liturgy,  
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality  
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd;  
Dare ye for this abjure the civil sword  
To force our consciences that Christ set free  
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,†  
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?‡  
Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent,  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
Must now be named and printed Heretics  
By shallow Edwards§ and scotch what d'ye call :||  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your blots and packing worse than those of Trent  
That so the parliament  
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,  
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
And succour our just fears,  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

\* This poem is supposed to have been made when the Directory was established, and disputes ran high between the Presbyterians and Independents in 1645, the latter pleading for a toleration, and the former against it.

† In the Presbyterian form of government there are congregational, classical, provincial, and national assemblies.

‡ It is not known who is meant by A. S. Mr. Samuel Rotherford was Professor of Divinity at St. Andrew's, and one of the Scotch commissioners to the Westminster assembly.

§ Mr. Thomas Edwards, author of the *Gangræna*.

|| Either Mr. Alexander Henderson or Mr. George Gillespie, both commissioners to the Westminster assembly.

## THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, Lib. I.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*, rendered almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit

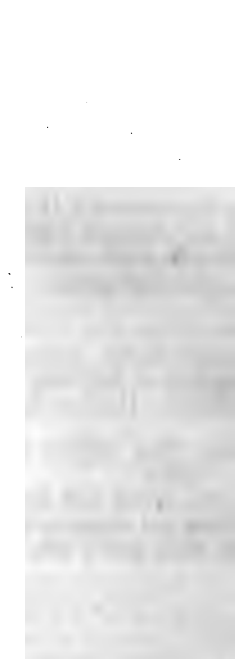
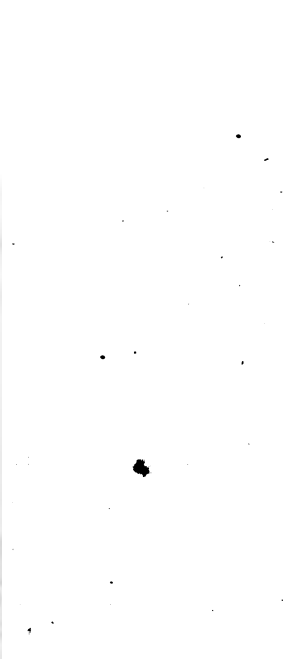
WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave.  
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he  
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
Rough with black winds, and storms  
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
Who always vacant, always amiable  
Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my  
vow'd  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern god of sea.





## SONNETS.

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### TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretel my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;  
As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I

---

### ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear  
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Hea-  
 ven;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED  
 TO THE CITY.\*

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms  
 Whose chance on these defenceless door may  
 seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms :  
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms  
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,  
 What ever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :  
 The great Emathian conquerer bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,

\* In the manuscript after the title, is added 1642. It was in  
 November of that year that the King marched with his army as  
 near as Brentford, and put the city in great consternation.

And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth ;  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the Bridegroom, with his *feastful* friends  
 Passes to bliss, at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

---

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.\*

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,  
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 T'ill the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæroneæ fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days

\* We have given the title which is in Milton's *Manuscript*, *To the Lady Margaret Ley*. She was the daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanced age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament; and it is true that the parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month. He left several sons and daughters; and the Lady Margaret was married to Captain Hobson, of the Isle of Wight. It appears from the accounts of Milton's life, that in the year 1643 he used frequently to visit this lady and her husband, and about that time we may suppose this sonnet was composed.

SONNETS.

Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;  
So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
That all both judge you to relate them true,  
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

*On the Detraction which followed upon the writing  
certain Treatises.\**

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;  
The subject new : it walk'd the town awhile,  
Numb'ring good intellects ; now seldom por'd on.  
Cries the stall reader, Bless us ! what a word on  
A title page is this ! and some in file  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp † ?  
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow  
sleek,  
That would have made Quintillian stare and gasp ;  
Thy age, like ours O soul of Sir John Cheek, ‡

\* When Milton published his book of Divorce, he was greatly condemned by the Presbyterian ministers, whose advocate and champion he had been before. He published his Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage, in 1645.

† " We may suppose, (says Dr. Newton,) that these were persons of note and eminence among the Scotch ministers who were for pressing and enforcing the covenant." Mr. George Gillespie, here wrongously named Galasp, was one of the Scotch commissioners to the Westminster assembly. But who the other persons were is not known. It appears from this sonnet, and the verses on the forcers of conscience, that Milton treats the Presbyterians with great contempt.

‡ This Gentleman was the first Professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Cambridge, and was highly instrumental in bringing that language into repute. He was afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI.

Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Ed-  
 ward, Greek.

---

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:  
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free  
 License they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good:  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

---

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS, 1645.\*

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent not to scan  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng.  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air could humour best our tongue.  
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing

\* This Mr. Henry Lawes was a gentleman of the king's chapel, and one of his band of music, and an intimate friend of Milton.

*On the religious memory of  
my Christian Friend, d.  
1646.\**

WHEN faith and love, which  
Had ripen'd thy just soul  
Meekly thou didst resign  
Of death, call'd life; with  
Thy works, and alms, and  
Stay'd not behind, nor  
But, as Faith pointed  
Follow'd thee up to joy  
Love led them on, and faith  
Thy hand-maids, clasp'd  
beams

And azure wings, that  
And spake the truth of thee  
Before the Judge: who  
And drink thy fill of pu

--

TO THE LORD GEORGE

FAIRFAX, whose name in  
Filling each mouth with

And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings  
 Thy firm, unshaken virtue, ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league, to imp their Serpent wings.  
 Yet nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war but endless war still breed ?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

---

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.\*

CROMWELL, our chief of men who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd ;  
 And on the neck of crown'd fortune proud  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his works pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots im-  
 brewed,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories  
 No less renown'd than War : new foes arise  
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains :  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

dressed to Gen. Fairfax at the siege of Colchester, which was carried on in the summer of 1648.

In the Author's manuscript is this inscription: *To the Lord General Cromwell, May, 1652. On the proposals of certain Ministers at the committee for propagation of the Gospel.*



## TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 Than whom a better Senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd  
 The fierce Epirot, and th' African bold,  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd :  
 Then to advise how War may, best upheld,  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage ; besides to know  
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd which few  
 have done :

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe ;  
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN  
PIEDMONT.\*

AVENGE, O Lord thy slaughter'd saints, whose  
 bones

\* This persecution of the Protestants in Piedmont broke out in 1655. In May, that year, Cromwell wrote several letters to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and states complaining of that persecution. Echard tells us, that he proclaimed a fast, and caused large contributions to be gathered for them in England ; that he sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year, so engaged Cardinal Mazarine, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favour to the English Roman Catholics, that the Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renewed all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed. "So great (adds Echard) was the terror of his name; nothing being more usual than his saying, that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome."

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones.  
 Forget not in thy book : record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient folds  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moan  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant : that from these may grow  
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

---

 ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;  
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?  
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

## TO MR. LAWRENCE.\*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice,  
 Warble immortal notes, and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare

• To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## TO CYRIAC SKINNER. †

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that after, no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French:  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know

\* This Mr. Lawrence was the Son of the President of Cromwell's council.

† Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner, Esqr., and grandson of Sir Vincent Skinner, and his mother was daughter of the famous Lord Chief Justice Coke. Mr. Wood relates that he was one of Harrington's political club, and sometimes held the chair; and further adds, that he was a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton.

Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way ;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

---

TO THE SAME.

CYELAC, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me dost thou ask ?  
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost them over plied  
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the world's  
 vain mask  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

---

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.\*

METHOUGHT I saw my late espous'd saint  
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave.  
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint

\* This was his second wife, Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in child bed of a daughter.

Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed tamt,  
Purification in th' old Law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veil'd ; yet, to my fancied sight,  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight :  
But O ! as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
I wak'd ; she fled , and day brought back my night

## PSALMS.

---

### PSALM I.

[Done into verse, 1653.]

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sat : but in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies, day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By wat'ry streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

### PSALM II.

[Done August 8, 1653.]

*Terzette.* °

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
With power. and princes in their congregations

Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear.  
 Their twisted cords · He, who in heaven doth  
 dwell,  
 Shall laugh ; the Lord shall scoff them : then severe  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them ; but I, saith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare ; the Lord to me hath said,  
 Thou art my son, I have begotten thee  
 This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The Heathen ; and as thy conquest to be sway'd,  
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full  
 low  
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,  
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth ; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

## P S A L M I I I.

[August 9, 1653.]

*When he fled from Absalom.*

LORD, how many are my foes !  
 How many those,  
 That in arms against me rise !  
 Many are they,

That of my life distrustfully thus say ;  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
     Thee, through my story,  
 Th' exalter of my head I count ;  
     Aloud I cried  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept ; I wak'd again ;  
     For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
     The populous rout  
 I fear not, though encamping round about,  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord ; save me, my God ; for thou  
     Hast smote, ere now,  
 On the cheek-bone, all my foes ;  
     Of men abhorr'd  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the  
     Lord ;  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

## P S A L M I V .

[August 10, 1653.]

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteousness ;  
 In straits, and in distress,  
 Thou didst me disenthral  
 And set at large ; now spare,  
     Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.  
 Great ones, how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn ?  
 How long be thus forborn  
 Still to love vanity ?  
 To love, to seek, to prize  
     Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
     S



Chose to himself apart,  
 The good and meek of heart ;  
 (For whom to choose he knows,)  
 Jehovah from on high  
     Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.  
 Be awed, and do not sin ;  
 Speak to your hearts alone  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within :  
 Offer the offerings just  
     Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say,  
 Who yet will show us good ?  
 Talking like this world's brood :  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray ;  
 On us lift up the light,  
     Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds  
     With vast increase their corn and wine abounds  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep ;  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie,  
 As in a rocky cell  
     Thou, Lord alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

## P S A L M V.

[August 12, 1653]

JEHOVAH ! to my words give ear,  
     My meditation weigh ;  
     The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My King and God ; for unto thee I pray

Jehovah ! thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear ;  
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight ;  
 Evil with thee no biding makes ;  
 Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st : and them unbles'd  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie ;  
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest :  
 But I will, in thy mercies dear,  
 Thy numerous mercies, go  
 Into thy house ; I, in thy fear,  
 Will tow'rd thy holy temple worship low.  
 Lord ! lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me, because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress ;  
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
 For, in his faltering mouth unstable,  
 No word is firm or sooth :  
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they spit  
 God ! find them guilty, let them fall  
 By their own counsels quell'd ;  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
 Then all, who trust in thee, shall bring  
 Their joy ; while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name :  
 For thou, Jehovah ! wilt be found  
 To bless the just man still ;  
 As with a shield, thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy las'ing favour and good will.

## PSALM VI

[August 13, 1663.]

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me;  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me;  
 For all my bones, that e'en with anguish ache,  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,  
 And thou, O Lord! how long? Turn, Lord  
 restore  
 My soul; O save me for thy goodness' sake!  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days;  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my  
 prayer,  
 My supplication with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd  
 With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

## PSALM VII.

[August 14, 1653.]

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite agains! him*

LORD, my God to thee I fly ;  
Save me, and secure me under  
Thy protection, while I cry ;  
Lest, as a lion, (and no wonder,)  
He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought  
Or done this ; if wickedness  
Be in my hands ; if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace ;  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And not freed my foe for naught ;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust ; and, there outspread.  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah ! in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire ;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage :  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right ;  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high. and in their sight.

S\*

Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me; cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies:  
In him who both just and wise,  
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that wait him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that prosecute:) Behold,  
He travels big with vanity;  
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old,  
As in a womb; and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digged a pit and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made;  
His mischief, that due course doth kee,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will, undelay'd,  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise.

And sing the name and Deity  
Of Jehovah the Most High!

## PSALM VIII.

[August 14, 1653.]

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy Name through all the earth!  
So as above the heavens thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou  
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,  
To stint the enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow.  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
The moon, and stars, which thou so bright hast  
set

In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O, what is man that thou rememb'rest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;  
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

owl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet  
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth:  
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy Name through all the earth!

## PSALM LXXX.

[April, 1648. J. M.]

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all but what is distinguished by inverted commas, are the very words of the text translated from the original

Thou, Shepherd, that doth Israel 'keep'  
Give ear 'in time of need ;'  
Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
'Thy loved' Joseph's seed ;

That sitt'st between the Cherubs 'bright,'  
'Between their wings outspread ;'  
Shine forth 'and from their cloud give light,'  
'And on our foes thy dread.'

In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
And in Manasse's sight,  
Awake \* thy strength, come, and 'be seen'  
'To' save us 'by thy might.'

Turn us, again ; 'thy grace divine'  
'To us,' O God 'vouchsafe ;'  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

Lord God of Hosts ! how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy † smoking wrath, 'and angry brow'  
Against thy people's prayer !

Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears  
Their bread with tears they eat ;  
And mak'st them ‡ largely drink the tears  
'Wherewith their cheeks are wet.'

\* Gnorera.

† Gnashanta.

‡ Shalish.

A strife thou mak'st us 'and a prey'  
 'To every neighbour foe ;  
 Among themselves they \* laugh, they play. \*  
 And \* flouts at us they throw.

Return us, 'and thy grace divine,'  
 O God of Hosts! 'vouchsafe ;'  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.

A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
 'Thy free love made it thine,'  
 And drov'st out nations 'proud and haught,'  
 To plant this 'lovely' vine.

Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it 'began to grow apace,'  
 'And' fill'd the land 'at last.'

With her 'green' shade that cover'd 'all.'  
 The hills were 'overspread ;'  
 Her boughs as 'high as' cedars tall  
 'Advanc'd their lofty head.

Her branches 'on the western side'  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And 'upward' to that river 'wide'  
 Her other branches 'went.'

Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
 And broken down her fence,  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
 'With rudest violence ?'

The 'tusked' boar, out of the wood,  
 Up turns it by the roots ;

\* Jilnagu.



Wild beasts there browse, and make their fees  
 'Her grapes and tender shoots.'

Return now, God of Hosts! look down  
 From heaven, thy seat divine;  
 Behold 'us, but without a frown,'  
 And visit this 'thy' vine.

Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and plant'd 'long,'  
 And the young branch, that for thyself  
 Thou hast made firm and strong.

But now it is consum'd with fire,  
 And cut 'with axes' down;  
 They perish at thy dreadful ire  
 At thy rebuke and frown.

Upon the man of thy right hand  
 Let thy 'good' hand be 'laid';  
 Upon the son of man, whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made.

So shall we not go back from thee  
 'To ways of sin and shame';  
 Quicken us thou; then 'gladly' we  
 Shall call upon thy name.

Return us, 'and thy grace divine,  
 Lord God of Hosts! 'vouchsafe';  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine:  
 And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

To God our strength sing loud 'and clear,  
 Sing loud to God 'our King';  
 To Jacob's God 'that all may hear,'  
 Loud acclamations ring.

Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
 The timbrel hither bring  
 The 'cheerful' psaltery bring along,  
 And harp 'with' pleasant 'string.'

Blow, 'as is wont,' in the new moon  
 With trumpets' 'lofty sound,'  
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon  
 Our solemn feast 'comes round.'

This was a statute 'given of old,'  
 For Israel 'to observe;'  
 A law of Jacob's God, 'to hold,'  
 'From whence they might not swerve.'

This he a testimony ordain'd  
 In Joseph, 'not to change;'  
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land  
 The tongue I heard was strange.

From burden, 'and from slavish toil,'  
 I set his shoulder free :  
 His hands from pots, 'and miry soil,'  
 Deliver'd were 'by me.'

When trouble did thee sore assail,  
 'On me then' didst thou call ;  
 And I to free thee 'did not fail,'  
 And led thee out of thrall'

I answer'd thee in \* thunder deep  
 With clouds encompass'd round  
 I tried thee at the water 'steep'  
 Of Meriba 'renown'd.'

Hear, O my people, 'hearken well,'  
 I testify to thee,

\* Be Sether ragnam.

Thou ancient stock of Israel  
If thou wilt list to me,

Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien God shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
Thee out of Egypt land ;  
Ask large enough, and I, 'besought,'  
Will grant thy full demand.

And yet my people would not 'hear,'  
'Nor' hearken to my voice ;  
And Israel, 'whom I lov'd so dear,'  
Mislik'd me for his choice.

Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wand'ring mind ;  
'Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.

O that my people would 'be wise,'  
'To' serve me 'all their days !'  
And O, that israel would 'advise'  
'To' walk my 'righteous' ways !

Then would I soon bring down their foes  
'That now so proudly rise ;'  
And turn my hand against 'all those'  
'That are' their enemies.

Who hate the Lord should 'then be fain'  
'To' bow to him and bend ;  
But 'they, his people, should remain,'  
Their time should have no end.

And he would feed them 'from the shock'  
With flower of finest wheat,

And satisfy them from the rock,  
With honey 'for their meat.'

## PSALM LXXXII.

God in the \* great \* assembly stands  
'Of kings and lordly states ;'  
Among † the gods, † on both his hands  
He judges and devotes.

How long will ye † pervert the right  
With † judgment false and wrong,  
Favouring the wicked, 'by your might,'  
'Who thence grow bold and strong ?'

Regard † the weak † and fatherless,  
Despatch † the poor y man's cause,  
And † raise the man in deep distress  
By † just and equal laws.

Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him 'that help demans.

They know not, nor will understand,  
In darkness they walk on,  
The earth's foundations all are † mov'd,  
And † out of order gone.

I said that ye were gods ; yea, all  
The sons of God Most High ;  
But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other princes die.'

Rise God ; \*\* judge thou the earth 'in might,  
This 'wicked' 'earth redress,'

Pagnadath-el. † Bekerev. ‡ Tishphetu gnavel. † Shiptu-dal.  
§ Hatzdiku. ¶ Jimmotu. \*\* Shipta.

For thou art he who shalt by right  
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

Be not thou silent 'now at length,'  
O God! hold not thy peace;  
Sit thou not still O God of 'strength,'  
'We cry, and do not cease.'

For lo! thy 'furious' foes 'now' \* swel.  
And \* storm outrageously,  
And they that hate thee 'proud and fell'  
Exalt their heads full high.

Against thy people they † contrive  
Their † plots and councils deep;  
Them ‡ to ensnare they chiefly strive.  
Whom ‖ thou dost hide and keep.

Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
Till they no nation be;  
That Israel's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.

For they consult ¶ with all their might,  
And all, as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind!

The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of 'scornful' Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
'That in the desert dwell;'

Gebal and Ammon 'there conspire,'  
And 'hateful' Amalec,

\* Jhemajun.

† Jagnarimu.

‡ Sod.

§ Jirihagnatsu gnal. ‖ Tæphuneca.

¶ Lev Jackdau.

The Philistines and they of Tyre,  
 'Whose bounds the sea doth check ;'

With them 'great' Ashur also bands,  
 'And doth confirm the knot ;  
 'All these have lent their armed hands'  
 To aid the sons of Lot.

Do to them as to Midian 'bold,'  
 'That wasted all the coast,'  
 To Sisera ; and, as 'is told,'  
 'Thou didst' to Jabin's host.'

'When at the brook of Kishon 'old,'  
 'They were repuls'd and slain,  
 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
 As dung upon the plain.

As Zeb and Oreb, evil sped,  
 So let their princes speed ;  
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna 'bled,'  
 So let their princes 'bleed.'

'For they amidst their pride' have said,  
 By right now shall we seize  
 God's houses, 'and will now invade'  
 Their \* stately palaces.

My God ! oh make them as a wheel,  
 'No quiet let them find ;'  
 Giddy and 'restless,' let 'them ree !'  
 Like stubble from the wind.

As 'when' an 'aged' wood takes fire  
 'Which on a sudden strays,'  
 The 'greedy' flame runs higher and higher  
 Till all the mountains blaze ;

\* Neoth Elohim bears both.

So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
 And with thy tempest chase ;  
 And, \* till they \* yield thee honour due,  
 Lord ! fill with shame their face.

Asham'd, and troubled let them be,  
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever ;  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, ' and scape it never.

Then shall they know, that Thou, whose name  
 Jehovah is alone,  
 Art the Most High, ' and thou the same '  
 O'er all the earth ' art One !'

PSALM LXXXIV.

How lovely are thy dwellings fair !  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The ' pleasant ' tabernacles are,  
 ' Where thou dost dwell so near !'

My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God ! for thee.

There e'en the sparrow ' freed from wrong,'  
 Hath found a house of ' rest ;'  
 The swallow there to lay her young  
 Hath built her ' brooding ' nest ;

E'en by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
 ' They find their safe abode ;'  
 ' And home they fly from round the coasts '  
 Toward thee, ' my King, my God !

\* They seek thy name. Heb

Happy, who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise!  
 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in their hearts thy ways!

They pass through Baca's 'thirsty' vale,  
 'That dry and barren ground;'  
 As through a fruitful wat'ry dale  
 Where springs and showers abound.

They journey on from strength to strength  
 'With joy and gladsome cheer'  
 'Till all before 'our' God 'at length  
 In Sion do appear.

Lord God of Hosts! hear 'now' my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God give ear;  
 Thou God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed 'dear.'

For one day in thy courts 'to be'  
 Is better, 'and more bless'd,'  
 Than 'in the joys of vanity'  
 A thousand days 'at best.'

I in the temple of my God,  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, 'and rich abode,'  
 With sin, 'for evermore.'

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory 'bright;'  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.

Lord 'God' of Hosts! that reign'st on high,  
 That man is 'truly' bless'd,  
 Who 'only on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.



## PSALM LXXXV.

Thy land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;  
 Thou hast from 'hard' captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.

Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
 'That wrought' thy people wo ;  
 And all their sin, 'that did thee grieve,'  
 Hast hid 'where none shall know.'

Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
 And 'calmly' didst return  
 From thy \* fierce wrath, which we had prov'd  
 Far worse than fire to burn.

God of our saving health and peace !  
 Turn us, and us restore ;  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Toward us, 'and chide no more.'

Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus ?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us ?

Wilt thou not † turn, and 'hear our voice,'  
 And us again † revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserv'd alive ?

Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
 To us thy mercy show,  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
 'And life in us renew.'

\* Heb. 'The burning heat of thy wrath.'

† Heb. 'Turn to quicken us.'

'And now,' what God the Lord will speak,  
I will 'go straight and' hear,  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his saints 'full dear.'

To his dear sairts he will speak peace ;  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, 'but surcease'  
'To trespass as before.'

Surely, to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand ;  
And glory shall 'ere long appear,'  
'To' dwell within our land.

Mercy and Truth 'that long were miss'd,  
Now 'joyfully' are met ;  
'Sweet' Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,  
'And hand in hand are set.'

Truth from the earth, 'like to a flower,'  
Shall bud and blossom 'then ;'  
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down 'on mortal men.'

The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good ;  
Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits 'to be our food.'

Before him Righteousness shall go,  
'His royal harbinger ;'  
Then \* will he come, and not be slow ;  
His footsteps cannot err.

\* Heb. 'He will set his steps to the way'

## PSALM LXXXVI

Thy 'gracious' ear, O Lord! incline,  
 O hear me, 'I thee pray;'  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need, 'and sad decay.'

Preserve my soul; for I\* have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just,  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God!  
 Who 'still' in thee doth trust.

Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
 I call; O make rejoice  
 Thy servant's soul; for, Lord to thee  
 I lift my soul 'and voice.'

For thou art good, thou, Lord! art prone  
 To pardon, thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou 'alone'  
 To them that on thee call.

Unto my supplication, Lord,  
 Give ear, and to the cry  
 Of my 'incessant' prayers afford  
 Thy hearing graciously.

I, in the day of my distress,  
 Will call on thee 'for aid;'  
 For thou wilt 'grant' me 'free access,  
 'And answer 'what I pray'd.'

Like thee among the gods is none,  
 O Lord; nor any works  
 'Of all that other gods have done'  
 Like to thy 'glorious' works.

\* Heb. 'I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.'

The Nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, 'and all shall frame  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy Name.

For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done ;  
Thou 'in thy everlasting seat,'  
Remainest God alone.

Teach me, O Lord, thy way 'most right.'  
I in thy truth will bide ;  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
'So it shall never slide.'

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God '  
'Thee honour and adore'  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.

For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,  
And thou hast freed my soul,  
E'en from the lowest hell set free  
'From deepest darkness foul'

O God, the proud against me rise  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set,

But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to show,  
Slow to be angry, and 'art styled.'  
Most merciful, most true.

O, turn to me 'thy face at length.'  
And me have mercy on ;  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.

Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes 'then' see,  
 And be asham'd; because thou, Lord,  
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

Among the holy mountains 'high'  
 Is his foundation fast;  
 'There seated is his sanctuary,'  
 'His temple there is plac'd.'

Sion's 'fair' gates the Lord loves more  
 Than all the dwellings 'fair'  
 Of Jacob's 'land, though there be store,'  
 'And all within his care.'

City of God, most glorious thing  
 Of thee 'abroad' are spoke;  
 I mention Egypt 'where proud kings'  
 'Did our forefathers yoke;'

I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia 'full of scorn;  
 And Tyre with Ethiops' 'utmost ends,'  
 Lo, this man there was born:

But 'twice that praise shall in our ear'  
 Be said of Sion 'last;'  
 This, and this man was born in her;  
 High God shall fix her fast.

The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
 When he the nations doth enrol,  
 That this man there was born.

Both they who sing, and they who dance.  
 'With sacred songs are there,'



In thee 'fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,  
'And' all my fountains 'clear.'

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

Lord God! that dost me save and keep,  
All day to thee I cry;  
And all night long before thee 'weep,'  
Before thee 'prostrate lie.'

Into thy presence let my prayer  
'With sighs devout ascend;'  
And to my cries, that, 'ceaseless are,'  
Thine ear with favour bend.

For cloy'd with woes and trouble sore,  
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie;  
My life at 'Death's uncheerful door;'  
Unto the grave draws nigh.

Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
Down to the 'dismal' pit;  
I am a \* man, but weak, alas!  
And for that name unfit.

From life discharg'd and parted quite  
Among the dead to 'sleep;'  
And like the slain in 'bloody fight'  
That in the grave lie 'deep.'

Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard,  
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er  
'Death's hideous house hath barr'd.'

Thou in the lowest pit 'profound,'  
Hast set me 'all forlorn,'

\* Heb. 'A man without manly strength.'

Where thickest darkness ' hovers round,  
In horrid dēeps ' to mourn.

Thy wrath, ' from which no shelter saves,  
Full sore doth press on me ;  
Thou \* break'st upon me all thy waves,  
And \* all thy waves break me.

Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious,  
Me to them odious, ' for they change,  
And I here pent up thus.

Through sorrow, and affliction great,  
Mine eye grows dim and dead :  
Lord ! all the day I thee entreat  
My hands to thee I spread.

Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
Shall the deceas'd arise,  
And praise thee ' from their loathsome bed  
' With pale and hollow eyes ?

Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
On whom the grave ' hath hold ?  
Or they, who in perdition ' dwell,  
Thy faithfulness ' unfold ?

In darkness can thy mighty ' hand'  
' Or ' wondrous acts be known ?  
' Thy justice in the ' gloomy' land  
Of ' dark' oblivion.

But I to thee, O Lord ! do cry,  
' Ere yet my life be spent ;'  
And ' up to thee' my prayer doth ' hic'  
Each morn, and thee prevent.

\* The Hebr. bears both.



Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me,  
That am already bruise'd, and \* shake  
With terror sent from thee ?

Bruise'd and afflicted, and 'so low'  
As ready to expire :  
While I thy terrors undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.

Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;  
Thy threat'nings cut me through :  
All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.

Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,  
And sever'd from me far ;  
'They ' fly me now,' whom I have lov'd,  
And as in darkness are,

A Paraphrase on PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the  
Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the bless'd seed of Terah's faithful son,  
After long toil, their liberty had won ;  
And pass'd from Pharien fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand ;  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known :  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering, fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoi .  
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the soil.  
The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams  
Amongst their ewes ; the little hills, like lambs.

\* Heb. *Præ* Concussione.



Why fled the ocean ? and why skip'd the mountains ?  
 Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains ?  
 Shake, earth ; and at the presence be aghast  
 Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last ;  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
 For his mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of gods, he is the God.  
 For his, &c.

O. let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell  
 For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make  
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake.  
 For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom, did create  
 The painted heavens so full of state.  
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
 To rise above the watery plain.  
 For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
 Did fill the new-made world with light  
 For his, &c.



And caus'd the golden-tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run  
For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.  
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.  
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel.  
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythrean main.  
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass  
While the Hebrew bands did pass.  
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power.  
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness.  
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess, and renown.  
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host  
That rul'd the Amorrean coast  
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.  
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel,  
He gave their land therein to dwell.  
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.  
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.  
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed.  
And with full hand supplies their need  
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth.  
For his, &c.

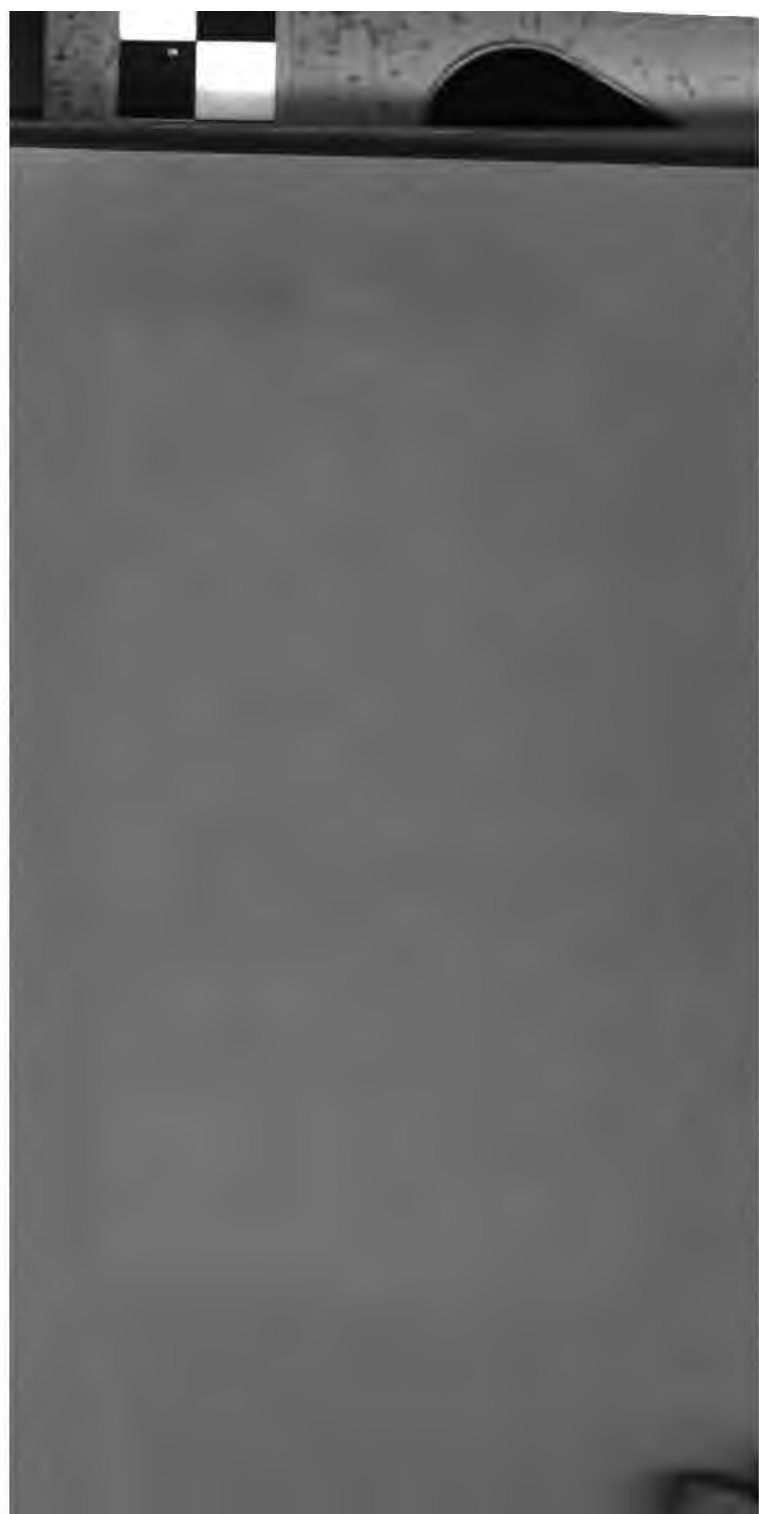
That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

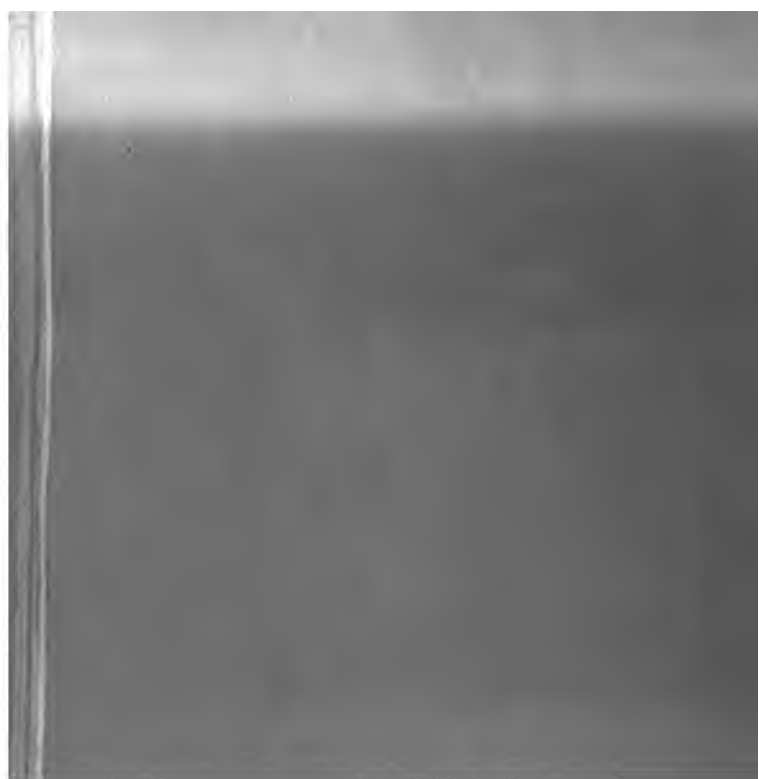
THE END.

<sup>22</sup>  
JW









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